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The Emperor and the Rabbi.

"Old Rabbi, what tales would'st thou pour in mine ear?
What visions of glory, what phantoms of fear?
Of a God, all the gods of the Roman above,
A mightier than Mars, a more ancient than Jove?"

"Let me look on those splendors, I then shall believe;
'Tis the senses alone that can never deceive,
Nay, show me your idol, if earth is His shrine,
And your Israelite God shall, old dreamer, be mine."

'Twas Trajan that spoke, and the stoical sneer
Still play'd on his features sublime and severe;
And round the proud hall as his dark eye was thrown;
He saw but one God, and himself was that one.

"The God of our forefathers!" low bow'd the seer;
"Is unseen by the eye, is unheard by the ear.
He is spirit, He knows not the body's dark chain;
Not the Heaven of Heavens can His glory contain.

"He is seen in his power when the storm is abroad;
The clouds by the wheels of His chariot are rode.
He is seen in His mercy, when the mountain and plain
Rejoice in the sunshine and smile in the rain.

"He is seen when the lightnings are shot through the heaven,
And the crests of the mountains in embers are riven.
He is heard when the tempest has sent up its roar,
And the ocean in thunder is flung on the shore."

"Those are dreams," said the Monarch, "wild fancies of old;
But what God can I worship, when none I behold?
Can I kneel to the lightning, the wave, or the wind?
Can I worship the shape that but lives in the mind?"

"I'll show thee his footstool, I'll show thee his throne;"
Through the halls of the palace the Rabbi led on,
Till above them was spread but the sky's purple dome,
And like surges of splendor beneath them was Rome.

Round the marble-crown'd mount where the Emperor stood,
Like a silver scaled snake, swept the Tiber's bright flood;
Beyond lay the vales of the rich Persian rose,
All glowing with beauty, all breathing repose;

And flaming o'er all, in the glow of the hour,
The Capitol shone, earth's high altar of power—
A thousand years old, yet still in its prime;
A thousand years more to be conqueror of time!

But the East was now purple, the eve was begun;
Like a monarch at rest, on the wave lay the sun;
Above him the clouds their rich canopy roll'd,
With pillars of diamonds, and curtains of gold.

The Rabbi's proud gesture was turned to the orb,
"Great King, let that splendor thy worship absorb,"
"What! gaze on the sun, and be blind by the gaze?
No eye but the eagle's can look on that blaze!"

"Ho! Emperor of earth, if thine eyeball is dim,
To see but the rays of the sun's sinking limb,"
Cried the Rabbi, "what eyeball could dare but to see
The Sovereign of him and the Sovereign of thee?"

SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

CHAPTER III.

The rays of the sun shining brightly into the room awoke Sintram, and raising himself up, he looked angrily at the chaplain, and said,

"So there is a priest in the castle! And yet that accursed dream continues to torment me even in his very presence. Pretty priest he must be!"

"My child," answered the chaplain in the mildest tone, "I have prayed for thee most fervently, and I shall never cease doing so—but God alone is Almighty."

"You speak very boldly to the son of the knight Biorn," cried Sintram. "'My child!' If those horrible dreams had not been again haunting me, you would make me laugh heartily."

"Young Lord Sintram," said the chaplain, I am by no means surprised that you do not know me again; for, in truth, neither do I know you again." And his eyes filled with tears as he spoke.

The good Rolf looked sorrowfully in the boy's face, saying, "Ah, my dear young master, you are so much better than you would make people believe. Why do you that? Your memory is so good, that you must surely recollect your kind old friend the chaplain, who used formerly to be constantly at the castle, and to bring you so many gifts—bright pictures of saints, and beautiful songs?"

"I know all that vere well," replied Sintram thoughtfully. "My sainted mother was alive in those days."

"Our gracious lady is still living, God be praised!" said the good Rolf.

"But she does not live for us, poor sick creatures that we are!" cried Sintram. "And why will you not call her sainted? Surely she knows nothing about my dreams?"

"Yes, she does know of them," said the chaplain; "and she prays to God for you. But take heed, and restrain that wild, haughty temper of yours. It might, indeed, come to pass that she would know nothing about your dreams, and that would be if your soul were separated from your body; and then the holy angels also would cease to know anything of you."

Sintram fell back on his bed as if thunderstruck; and Rolf said, with a gentle sigh,

"You should not speak so severely to my poor sick child, reverend sir."

"The boy sat up, and with tearful eyes turned caressingly towards the chaplain: "Let him do as he pleases, you good, tender-hearted Rolf; he knows very well what he is about. Would you reprove him if I were slipping down a snowcleft, and he caught me up roughly by the hair of my head?"

The priest looked tenderly at him, and would have have spoken his holy thoughts, when Sintram suddenly sprang off the bed and asked after his father. As soon as he heard of the knight's departure, he would not remain another hour in the castle; and put aside the fears of the chaplain and the old esquire, lest a rapid journey should injure his hardly restored health, by saying to them, "Believe me, reverend sir, and dear old Rolf, if I were not subject to these hideous dreams, there would not be a bolder youth in the whole world; and even as it is, I am not so far behind the very best. Besides, till another year has passed, my dreams are at an end."

On his somewhat imperious sign Rolf brought out the horses. The boy threw himself boldly into the saddle, and taking a courteous leave of the chaplain, he dashed along the frozen valley that lay between the snow-clad mountains. He had not ridden far, in company with his old attendant, when he heard a strange indistinct sound proceeding from a neighboring cleft in the rock; it was partly like the clapper of a small mill, but mingled with that were hollow groans and other tones of distress. Thither they turned their horses, and a wonderful sight showed itself to them.

A tall man, deadly pale, in a pilgrim's garb, was striving with violent though unsuccessful efforts, to work his way out of the snow and to climb up the mountain; and thereby a quantity of bones, which were hanging loosely about his garments, rattled one against the other, and caused the mysterious sound already mentioned. Rolf, much terrified, crossed himself, while the bold Sintram called out to the stranger,

"What art thou doing there? Give an account of thy solitary labors."

"I live in death," replied that other one with a fearful grin.

"Whose are those bones on thy clothes?"

"They are relics, young sir."

"Art thou a pilgrim?"

"Restless, quietless, I wander up and down."

"Thou must not perish here in the snow before my eyes."

"That I will not."

"Thou must come up and sit on my horse."

"That I will."

And all at once he started up out of the snow with surprising strength and agility, and sat on the horse behind Sintram, clasping him tight in his long arms. The horse, startled by the rattling of the bones, and as if seized with madness, rushed away through the most trackless passes. The boy soon found himself alone with his strange companion; for Rolf, breathless with fear, spurred on his horse in vain, and remained far behind them. From a snowy precipice the horse slid, without falling, into a narrow gorge, somewhat indeed exhausted, yet continuing to snort and foam as before, and still unmastered by the boy. Yet his headlong course being now changed into a rough, irregular trot, Sintram was able to breathe more freely, and to begin the following discourse with his unknown companion.

"Draw thy garment closer around thee, thou pale man, so the bones will not rattle, and I shall be able to curb my horse."

"It would be of no avail, boy; it would be of no avail. The bones must rattle."

"Do not clasp me so tight with thy long arms, they are so cold."

"It cannot be helped, boy; it cannot be helped. Be content; for my long cold arms are not pressing yet on thy heart."

"Do not breathe on me so with thy icy breath. All my strength is departing."

"I must breathe, boy; I must breathe. But do not complain; I am not blowing thee away."

The strange dialogue here came to an end; for to Sintram's surprise he found himself on an open plain, over which the sun was shining brightly, and at no great distance before him he saw his father's castle. While he was thinking whether he might invite the unearthly pilgrim to rest there, this one put an end to his doubts by throwing himself suddenly off the horse, whose wild course was checked by the shock. Raising his forefinger, he said to the boy:

"I know old Biorn of the Fiery Eyes well; perhaps but too well. Commend me to him. It will not need to tell him my name; he will recognize me at the description."

So saying, the ghastly stranger turned aside into a thick fir-wood, and disappeared rattling amongst the tangled branches.

Slowly and thoughtfully Sintram rode on towards his father's castle, his horse now again quiet and altogether exhausted. He scarcely knew how much he ought to relate of his wonderful journey, and he also felt oppressed with anxiety for the good Rolf, who had remained so far behind. He found himself at the castle-gate sooner than he had expected; the draw-bridge was lowered, the doors were thrown open; an attendant led the youth into the great hall, where Biorn was sitting alone at a huge table, with many flagons and glasses before him, and suits of armour ranged on either side of him. It was his daily custom, by way of company, to have the armour of his ancestors, with closed vizors, placed all round the table at which he sat. The father and son began conversing as follows:

"Where is Rolf?"

"I do not know, father; he left me in the mountains."

"I will have Rolf shot if he cannot take better care than that of my only child."

"Then, father, you will have your only child shot at the same time, for without Rolf I cannot live; and if even one single dart is aimed at him, I will be there to receive it, and to shield his true and faithful heart."

"So! Then Rolf shall not be shot, but he shall be driven from the castle."

"In that case, father, you will see me go away also; and I will give myself up to serve him in forests, in mountains, in caves."

"So! Well, then, Rolf must remain here."

"That is just what I think, father."

"Were you riding quite alone?"

"No, father, but with a strange pilgrim. He said that he knew you very well—perhaps too well."

And thereupon Sintram began to relate and to describe all that had passed with the pale man.

"I know him also very well," said Biorn; "he is half crazed and half wise, as we some times are astonished at seeing that people can be. But do you, my boy, go to rest after thy wild journey. I give you my word that Rolf shall be kindly received if he arrive here, and that if he do not come soon, he shall be sought for in the mountains."

"I trust to your word, father," said Sintram, half humble, half proud; and he did after the command of the grim lord of the castle.

CHAPTER IV.

Towards evening Sintram awoke. He saw the good Rolf sitting at his bedside, and looked up in the old man's kind face with a smile of unusually innocent brightness. But soon again his dark bows were knit, and he asked:

"How did my father receive you, Rolf? Did he say a harsh word to you?"

"No, my dear young lord, he did not; indeed he did not speak to me at all. At first he looked very wrathful; but he checked himself, and ordered a servant to bring me food and wine to refresh me, and afterwards to take me to your room."

"He might have kept his word better; but he is my father, and I must not judge him too hardly. I will now go down to the evening meal."

So saying, he sprang up and threw on his furred mantle.

But Rolf stopped him, and said, entreatingly:

"My dear young master, you would do better to take your meal to-day alone here in your own apartment; for there is a guest with your father, in whose company I should be very sorry to see you. If you will remain here, I will entertain you with pleasant tales and songs."

"There is nothing in the world which I should like better, dear Rolf," answered Sintram; "but it does not befit me to shun any man. Tell me, whom I should I find with my father?"

"Alas!" said the old man, "you have already found him in the mountain. Formerly, when I used to ride about the country with Biorn, we often met with him, but I was forbidden to tell you anything about him; and this is the first time that he has ever come to the castle."

"The crazy pilgrim!" replied Sintram, and he stood awhile in deep thought, as if considering the matter. At last, rousing himself, he said:

"Dear old friend, I would most willingly stay here this evening all alone with you and your stories and songs, and all the pilgrims in the world should not entice me from this quiet room. But one thing must be considered. I feel a kind of dread of that pale, tall man; and by such fears no knight's son can ever suffer himself to be overcome. So be not angry, dear Rolf, if I determine to go and look that strange palmer in the face."

And he shut the door of the chamber behind him, and with firm and echoing steps proceeded to the hall.

The pilgrim and the knight were sitting opposite to each other at the great table, on which many lights were burning; and it was fearful, amongst all the lifeless armour, to see those two tall grim men move, and eat, and drink.

As the pilgrim looked up on the boy's entrance, Biorn-said:

"You know him already; he is my only child, and your fellow traveller this morning."

The palmer fixed an earnest look on Sintram, and answered, shaking his head, "I know not what you mean."

Then the boy burst forth, impatiently, "It must be confessed that you deal very unfairly by us! You say that you know my father but too much, and now it seems that you know me altogether too little. Look me in the face; who allowed you to ride on his horse, and in return had his good steed driven almost wild? Speak, if you can!"

Biorn smiled, shaking his head, but well pleased, as was his wont, with his son's wild behaviour; while the pilgrim shuddered as if terrified and overcome by some fearful, irresistible power. At length, with a trembling voice, he said these words: "Yes, yes, my

dear young lord, you are surely quite right, you are perfectly right in everything which you may please to assert."

Then the lord of the castle laughed aloud, and said:

"Why, thou strange pilgrim, what is become of all thy wonderful fine speeches and warnings now? Has the boy all at once struck thee dumb and powerless? Beware, thou prophet-messenger, beware!"

But the palmer cast a fearful look on Biorn, which seemed to quench the light of his fiery eyes, and said solemnly, in a thundering voice, "Between me and thee, old man, the case seems quite otherwise. We have nothing to reproach each other with. And now suffer me to sing a song to you on the lute." He stretched out his hand, and took down from the wall a forgotten and half-strung lute, which was hanging there; and, with surprising skill and rapidity, having put it in a state fit for use, he struck some chords, and raised his song to the low melancholy tones of the instrument:—

"The flow'ret was mine own, mine own,
But I have lost its fragrance rare,
And knightly name, and freedom fair,
Through sin, through sin alone.

The flow'ret was thine own, thine own,
Why cast away what thou didst win?
Thou knight no more, but slave of sin,
Thou'rt fearfully alone!"

"Have a care!" shouted he at the close, in a pealing voice, as he pulled the strings so mightily that they all broke with a clanging wail, and a cloud of dust rose from the old lute, which spread round him like a mist.

Sintram had been watching him narrowly whilst he was singing, and more and more did he feel convinced that it was impossible that this man and his fellow-traveller of the morning could be one and the same. Nay, the doubt rose to certainty when the stranger again looked round at him with the same timid, anxious air, and with many excuses and low reverences hung the lute in its old place, and then ran out of the hall as if bewildered with terror, in strange contrast with the proud and stately bearing which he had shown to Biorn.

The eyes of the boy were now directed to his father, and he saw that he had sunk back senseless in his seat, as if struck by a blow. Sintram's cries called Rolf and other attendants into the hall; and only by great labor did their united efforts awake the lord of the castle. His looks were still wild and disordered; but he allowed himself to be taken to rest, quiet and yielding.

CHAPTER V.

An illness followed this sudden attack; and during the course of it the stout old knight, in the midst of his delirious ravings, did not cease to affirm confidently that he must and should recover. He laughed proudly when his fever-fits came on, and rebuked them for daring to attack him so needlessly. Then he murmured to himself, "That was not the right one yet; there must still be another one out in the cold mountains."

Always at such words Sintram involuntarily shuddered; they seemed to strengthen his notion that he who had ridden with him, and he who sat at table in the castle, were two quite distinct persons; and he knew not why, but this thought was inexpressibly awful to him.

Biorn recovered, and appeared to have entirely forgotten his adventure with the palmer. He hunted in the mountains; he carried on his usual wild warfare with his neighbors; and Sintram, as he grew up, became his almost constant companion; whereby each year a fearful strength of body and spirit was unfolded in the youth. Every one trembled at the sight of his sharp pallid features, his dark rolling eyes, his tall, muscular, and somewhat lean form; and yet no one hated him—not even those whom he distressed or injured in his wildest humors. This might arise in part out of regard to old Rolf, who seldom left him for long, and who always held a softening influence over him; but also many of those who had known the Lady Verena while she still lived in the world, affirmed that a faint reflection of her heavenly expression floated over the very unlike features of her son, and that by this their hearts were won.

Once, just at the beginning of spring, Biorn and his son were hunting in the neighborhood of the sea-coast, over a tract of country which did not belong to them; drawn thither less by the love of sport than by the wish of bidding defiance to a chieftain whom he detested, and thus exciting a feud. At that season of the year, when his winter dreams had just passed off, Sintram was always unusually fierce and disposed for warlike adventures. And this day he was enraged at the chieftain for not coming in arms from his castle to hinder their hunting; and he cursed, in the wildest words, his tame patience and love of peace. Just then one of his wild young companions rushed towards him, shouting joyfully: "Be content, my dear young lord! I will wager that all is coming about as we and you wish; for as I was pursuing a wounded deer down to the sea-shore, I saw a sail and a vessel filled with armed men making for the shore. Doubtless your enemy purposes to fall upon you on the coast."

Joyfully and secretly Sintram called all his followers together, being resolved this time to take the combat on himself alone, and then to rejoin his father, and astonish him with the sight of captured foes and other tokens of victory.

The hunters, thoroughly acquainted with every cliff and rock on the coast, hid themselves round the landing-place; and soon the strange vessel hove nearer with swelling sails, till at length it came to anchor, and its crew began to disembark in unsuspicious security. At the head of them appeared a knight of high degree, in blue steel armor, richly inlaid with gold. His head was bare, for he carried his costly golden helmet hanging on his left arm. He looked royally around him; and his countenance, which dark brown locks shaded, was pleasant to behold; and a well-trimmed moustache fringed his mouth, from which, as he smiled, gleamed forth two rows of pearl-white teeth.

A feeling came across Sintram that he must already have seen this knight somewhere; and he stood motionless for a few moments. But suddenly he raised his hand, to make the agreed signal of attack. In vain did the good Rolf, who had just succeeded in getting up to him, whisper in his ear that these could not be the foes whom he had taken them for, but that they were unknown, and certainly high and noble strangers.

"Let them be who they may," replied the wild youth, "they have enticed me here to wait, and they shall pay the penalty for thus fooling me. Say not another word, if you value your life." And immediately he gave the signal, a thick shower of javelins followed from all sides, and the Norwegian warriors rushed forth with flashing sword. They found their foes as brave, or somewhat braver, than they could have desired. More fell on the side of those who made than those who received the assault; and the strangers appeared to understand surprisingly the Norwegian manner of fighting. The knight in steel armor had not in his haste put on his helmet; but it seemed as if he in no wise needed such protection, for his good sword afforded him sufficient defence even against the spears and darts which were incessantly hurled at him, as with rapid skill he received them on the shining blade, and dashed them far away, shivered into fragments.

Sintram could not at the first onset penetrate to where this shining hero was standing, as all his followers, eager after such a noble prey, thronged closely round him; but now the way was cleared enough for him to spring towards the brave stranger, shouting a war-cry, and brandishing his sword above his head.

"Gabrielle!" cried the knight, as he dexterously parried the heavy blow which was descending, and with one powerful sword-thrust he laid the youth prostrate on the ground; then placing his knee on Sintram's breast, he drew forth a flashing dagger, and held it before his eyes as he lay astonished. All at once the men-at-arms stood round like walls. Sintram felt that no hope remained for him. He determined to die as it became a bold warrior; and, without giving one sign of emotion, he looked on the fatal weapon with a steady gaze.

As he lay with his eyes cast upwards, he fancied that there appeared suddenly from heaven a wondrously beautiful female form in a bright attire of blue and gold. "Our ancestors told truly of the Valkyrias," murmured he. "Strike, then, thou unknown conqueror."

But with this the knight did not comply, neither was it a Valkyria who had so suddenly appeared, but the beautiful wife of the stranger, who, having advanced to the high edge of the vessel, had thus met the upraised look of Sintram.

"Folko," cried she, in the softest tone, "thou knight without reproach! I know that thou sparest the vanquished."

The knight sprang up, and with courtly grace stretched out his hand to the conquered youth, saying, "Thank the noble lady of Montfaucon for your life and liberty. But if you are so totally devoid of all goodness as to wish to resume the combat, here am I; let it be yours to begin."

Sintram sank, deeply ashamed, on his knees, and wept; for he had often heard speak of the high renown of the French knight Folko of Montfaucon, who was related to his father's house, and of the grace and beauty of his gentle lady Gabrielle.

CHAPTER VI.

The lord of Montfaucon looked with astonishment at his strange foe; and as he gazed on him more and more, recollections arose in his mind of that northern race from whom he was descended, and with whom he had always maintained friendly relations. A golden bear's claw, with which Sintram's cloak was fastened, at length made all clear to him.

"Have you not," said he, "a valiant and far-famed kinsman, called the Sea-king Arinbiorn, who carries on his helmet golden vulture-wings? And is not your father the knight Biorn? For surely the bear's claw on your mantle must be the cognisance of your house."

Sintram assented to all this, in deep and humble shame.

The knight of Montfaucon raised him from the ground, and said gravely, yet gently, "We are, then, of kin the one to the other; but I could never have believed that any one of our noble house would attack a peaceful man without provocation, and that, too, without giving warning."

"Slay me at once," answered Sintram, "if indeed I am worthy to die by so noble hands. I can no longer endure the light of day."

"Because you have been overcome?" asked Montfaucon.

Sintram shook his head.

"Or is it, rather, because you have committed an unknightly action?"

The glow of shame that overspread the youth's countenance said yes to this.

"But you should not on that account wish to die," continued Montfaucon. "You should rather wish to live, that you may prove your repentance, and make your name illustrious by many noble deeds; for you are endowed with a bold spirit and with strength of limb, and also with the eagle-glance of a chieftain. I should have made you a knight this very hour, if you had borne yourself as bravely in a good cause, as you have just now in a bad. See to it that I may do it soon. You may yet become a vessel of high honor."

A joyous sound of shawms and silver rebecks interrupted his discourse. The lady Gabrielle, bright as the morning, had now come down from the ship, surrounded by her maidens; and, instructed in a few words by Folko who was his late foe, she took the combat as some mere trial of arms, saying, "You must not be cast down, noble youth, because my wedded lord has won the prize; for be it known to you, that in the whole world there is but one knight who can boast of not having been overcome by the Baron of Montfaucon. And who can say," continued she, sportively, "whether even that would have happened, had he not set himself to win back the magic ring from me, his lady-love, destined to him, as well by the choice of my own heart as by the will of Heaven!"

Folko, smiling, bent his head over the snow-white hand of his lady; and then bade the youth conduct them to his father's castle.

Rolf took upon himself to see to the disembarking of the horses and valuables of the strangers, filled with joy at the thought that an angel in woman's form had appeared to soften his beloved young master, and perhaps even to free him from that early curse.

Sintram sent messengers in all directions to seek for his father, and to announce to him the arrival of his noble guests. They therefore found the old knight in his castle, with everything prepared for their reception. Gabrielle could not enter the vast, dark-looking building without a slight shudder, which was increased when she saw the rolling fiery eyes of its lord; even the pale, dark-haired Sintram seemed to her very fearful; and she sighed to herself, "Oh! what an awful abode have you brought me to visit, my knight! Would that we were once again in my sunny Gascony, or in your knightly Normandy!"

But the grave yet courteous reception, the deep respect paid to her grace and beauty, and to the high fame of Folko, helped to reassure her; and soon her bird-like pleasure in novelties was awakened through the strange significant appearances of this new world. And besides, it could not be for a passing moment that any womanly fears found a place in her breast when her lord was near at hand, for well did she know what effectual protection that brave Baron was ever ready to afford to all those who were dear to him, or committed to his charge.

Soon afterwards Rolf passed through the great hall in which Biorn and his guests were seated, conducting their attendants, who had charge of the baggage, to their rooms. Gabrielle caught sight of her favorite lute, and desired a page to bring it to her, that she might see if the precious instrument had been injured by the sea-voyage. As she bent over it with earnest attention, and her taper fingers ran up and down the strings, a smile, like the dawn of spring, passed over the dark countenances of Biorn and his son; and both said, with an involuntary sigh, "Ah! if you would but play on that lute, and sing to it! It would be but too beautiful!" The lady looked up at them, well pleased, and smiling her assent, she began this song:

"Songs and flowers are returning,
And radiant skies of May,
Earth her choicest gifts is yielding,
But one is past away.

The spring that clothes with tend'rest green
Each grove and sunny plain,
Shines not for my forsaken heart,
Brings not my joys again.

Warble not so, thou nightingale,
Upon thy blooming spray,
Thy sweetness now will burst my heart,
I cannot bear thy lay.

For flowers and birds are come again,
And breezes mild of May,
But treasured hopes and golden hours
Are lost to me for aye!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

SALAMANCA, THE SPANISH BANKER.—A fortnight back (says an English paper) we gave an account of a curious dinner in Madrid, given by certain Gacetilleros to the great capitalist statesman, Salamanca; and we have received more than one comment upon our report, which has indeed run the round of the English press, has found notice from our great illustrated contemporary, and has excited no small interest and curiosity. One correction which has been supplied to us has been re-corrected; the cost of the dinner has been 1s. 8d. or 1s. 9d., and not more. But we since learn, from a very curious quarter, that the dinner had a conclusion, and indeed a moral, altogether different from the original purpose. The dinners of the great capitalist were thought to have been somewhat "grand." The Amphyctrions on the recent occasion were, in common with most journalists, Andalusians, the sharpest and wittiest race in Spain. It was imagined that the moneyed magnate would feel himself uneasy in such company, under present circumstances. The dinner was more than "modest," it was, said one of our several correspondents, "mean." The wealthy Salamanca, who daily commands his Jarez and his Havannahs, was now invited to drink Spanish brandy—a pure spirit of wine, and to smoke halfpenny segars. Such a man, however is always at home—equally in the midst of prosperity and adversity, safety or danger, ease or embarrassment; and Salamanca knew where he was, with whom he was contending. He accepted the amenities of his hosts; they found that he could drink and smoke more than any of them, even of Spanish brandy and halfpenny segars, without being in the least disturbed. It soon turned out that the adverse or ironical disposition of the guests was becoming converted into admiration—into enthusiasm. The Andalusian wit being outrun in this practical manner, Andalusian poetry was evoked, speeches were extemporized, and even verses, and a magnificent album has recently been forwarded to Salamanca, destined to contain those burning speeches, those ardent verses, with the portraits of those who were present. Those who asked him to dine with them that they might scoff, followed him with their prayers; and in all Spain, probably, he has no warmer or devoted friends than his intended satirists.

Song on Phonography.

Oh! this is the age for inventions I'm sure;
There never were heard of so many before.
We have "flying cerials," "drawing by light"—
And a long list of others that give us delight.
The wonders of steam we may daily behold,
And science will still many glories unfold;
But search the whole range of the busy world round,
The most wonderful wonder is writing by sound.

CHORUS:

Then write away, fly away, did you not dream
The Britons ere long would be writing by steam?
Your dream's nearly true, but steam it is found
Won't do for the work, so we're writing by sound.

Now Pitman's the man that invented this scheme,
And the thanks of the world are, I think, due to him;
For so brief and so clear is his system of writing,
So natural, too, and so truly inviting;
The jabber of Taffy—the splutter of Pat—
The Japanese gibberish—the Frenchman's chit chat—
The chong-tongs of China—the Indian's wahoo—
All in an instant made clear to your view.
Then write away, &c.

The signs for the sounds are so simple and small
They occupy scarce any paper at all;
There's a page in a line!—a whole book in a sheet!
A nut-shell will now hold the Illiad complete!
There's a word in a dot!—a thought in a stroke!
A sign to mark sorrow!—a scratch for a joke!
In fact all our thoughts, be they simple or wise,
Are down in a moment as soon as they rise.
Then write away, &c.

Our writing will now be performed with such speed,
We shall scarcely one-third of our lawyers soon need;
Won't that be a blessing? some think we could spare
Not only two thirds but a far greater share.
You can write by this plan so amazingly quick,
As though it were done by some magical trick;
A speech is dashed down—this, maybe, you'll doubt—
Aye, almost before all the words have run out.
Then write away, &c.

Rejoice, ye phonographers! strong in the truth,
And labor to lessen the sorrows of youth;
Let union and love all your efforts inspire,
And soon you will see father long-hand retire.
How bright is the day that's beginning to dawn!
Ere long it will burst into beautiful morn.
Untrammelled we rise from the long-hand oppression,
The mill-stone is hurl'd from the neck of progression.

Then write away, fly away, these are the days
For knowledge, inventions and science to blaze;
May they warm and enlighten the busy world round
Till the millions can say, we are writing by sound.

THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A BAND OF ROBBERS IN THE PYRENEES.

A day's ramble among the winding passes of the Pyrenees, a few Summers ago, brought me, towards evening, in front of a lonely auberge, situated in the line of one of the rough and uneven roads connecting the French and Spanish frontiers. The spectacle gave me great pleasure; my foot sprang more lightly from the ground, and my shoulder no longer felt sore under the burden of my gun. On reaching the inn in question, I found it to be small, but to wear an air of comfort and neatness, which spoke to me, at the first glance, of good food and a sweet night's rest. Nor was the appearance of the human beings whom I saw within its walls at variance with this agreeable prognostication. I was received and kindly welcomed by a young woman, extremely good looking, and with a pretty child of about a year old in her arms. She wore the usual costume of these regions, which is a perpetual combination of bright colors. A red handkerchief was bound round her head, and her vest, petticoat and stockings were all stuffs striped and tinted with various dyes. When I mentioned to her my wants, she called a young girl from another apartment, and giving her the child, began herself actively to prepare some refreshment for me. The respectable animal called the goat was of great service on this occasion, for in a short time I sat down to flesh, milk and cheese, all provided by that rock-loving and four-footed mountaineer.

As the main apartment—to wit, the kitchen—is the only place where travellers abide under such circumstances as I was, I had opportunities of conversing with my hostess during the preparation of my meal. She seemed to be cheerful, though not gay. Her husband, she told me, was out on the hills, along with a lad who assisted him in the management of the little spot of ground attached to their residence. By the time that I sat down to my repast, the shades of evening had begun to fall in, and while I ate, as I did most heartily, if not voraciously, I observed my hostess beginning to show signs of impatience. Ever and anon she went to the door and looked abroad, returning each time with visible anxiety on her countenance. I was tempted at length to ask:

"Is a storm at hand, or do you fear impending evil?"

"Ah, sir," said she, "I am only a little distressed that Miguel, my husband, should be out so long. It will soon be dark."

"Is there any danger?" I asked; "has the neighborhood a bad name?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied she, "the country is now thought to be quite safe, and I am perhaps foolish to be uneasy; but it was once very unsafe, and we suffered so much from it in consequence that I cannot rid myself of fear at times."

She bent down her head as she spoke, and appeared to lose for a moment the sense of present uneasiness in the revived recollection of the past. At this instant the door opened, and a tall strapping sunburnt fellow entered, whom I immediately conjectured to be the husband, from his being followed by a young pensant. My hostess had sprung to her feet, and I thought it augured well for her husband's marital tenderness, that he at once noticed her to have been discomposed, and exclaimed:

"What, Inez, at thy old terrors!"

Then, noticing me for the first time in the growing dusk, he continued:

"And strangers with thee, too!"

He then saluted me civilly, and we were soon engaged in conversation.

I staid two days with Miguel and his wife, and became excellent friends with them. I found an opportunity to gratify my curiosity by inquiring into the misfortunes which my hostess had alluded to as having arisen from the former insecurity of the country, and I heard the whole story from her. I now present it to the reader.

"But a few years ago," said Inez, which was my hostess's name, "my father was the tenant of this house, where we now live. Here I was born, and here had the misfortune to lose my mother in my youth; in short, all my days have been spent here. When I was about eighteen, I became first acquainted with Miguel, who had hired himself as conductor of a wagon that passed regularly by this road from one side of the mountains to another. The wagon always stopped a night here as it passed, and Miguel and I began to love each other. Nor was it long ere we were both aware that this was the case. My father saw the state of our affections as well as we did, and he was not averse to our union, for he was growing old, and even at the best, he always required a lad to assist him with the little farm, upon which our support depended much more than on the visits of travellers to the house. It was at length settled that Miguel and I should be married as soon as he had completed his term in his present occupation.

When this arrangement was made, Miguel had but three journeys backwards and forwards to perform. These were long journeys to be sure, and what was worse, there were reports of recent robberies at no great distance, which made travelling dangerous. The first journey, however, was performed in safety. When Miguel came to us on his way over the mountains a second time, some circumstances took place, which after events caused us to remember. A traveller came to our house that day, before Miguel reached us with his wagon. That traveller was a dark, active looking man, dressed in the ordinary Spanish fashion, and seemingly in the prime of life. Before Miguel arrived, this visitor addressed himself to me in such a manner as was very disagreeable to me. I at first, indeed, paid little attention to his words, for my thoughts that day were occupied with another subject. When at length, encouraged it may be by my silence, he would have carried his freedom farther, I repulsed him civilly, but firmly, and told him plainly that my affections and hand were engaged to another. The dark malignant smile which passed over his countenance when I said this, gave me new and unpleasing ideas of our guest, whom I had hitherto regarded as only a man of a light and sportive temperament. He did not alter his conduct, nor even when Miguel came, did not desist from annoying me. This gave me much alarm, for I perceived Miguel's brow to darken on observing his behavior. Nor was my alarm groundless, for on the traveller's seizing and holding me by the arm as I accidentally passed him, Miguel sprang up and threw him violently to the farther end of the room, where he fell heavily on the floor. In an instant the man was on his feet, had his long knife drawn from his belt, and seemed about to spring upon Miguel. But my father chanced to enter at that moment, and the traveller, uttering a violent threat, hastily left the house. Though he had spoken of resting all night, he did not return.

On being informed of what had passed, my father, who had been in a weak state of health for some time, said to Miguel:

"I grow weaker and weaker every day, my dear son. It is time that you were here to protect Inez—and myself also, heaven help me! Had you not been here accidentally just now, we might have been exposed to any insult from such a rude visitor as this."

Miguel was so much struck by the truth of the remark, that after a pause of a moment he replied:

"You are right; I ought to be here to guard over those whose lives are so dear to me; and I *will* be here without delay, if I can get a trustworthy substitute to perform the rest of this journey for me, when I reach the town of Ai."

We talked long on these subjects before going to rest. Little rest, indeed, fell to my lot that night, for the dark looks, and the dagger of the man whom Miguel had made his enemy for my sake, came ever between me and slumber.

In the morning Miguel departed with his wagon, under the promise to return soon, if it was in his power. I had never before felt so much anxiety at his departure, though when I told him so, he smiled at my fears on his account, and showed me his double barrelled gun, calling it his sure protector. Nothing occurred for two days afterwards, though during that interval many fears came over me relative to the possible return of the traveller—the man who had so hurriedly disappeared. Our household at this time, it is to be understood, consisted of my father, a lad who assisted him out of doors, and myself. This lad went always first to rest, my father next, and I last. After they had both retired, on the second night from Miguel's departure, I closed the door and went into my own little room to seek repose. But I had not yet undressed myself when I heard a noise, seemingly outside of the house. I listened, and heard it repeated, nearer at hand as it appeared to me. Though much disturbed, I resolved to satisfy myself that there was a true cause for alarm before I called my father. With this view I took up my light and went into the kitchen, when I saw a sight that rooted me for an instant to the spot. The upper part of the window had been raised, and a man, having got in with his feet foremost, was in the act of extricating his head and shoulders from the window. I—unguardedly—screamed, and fled in the direction of my father's sleeping place; but before I had gone a few steps, I found myself in the grasp of the man who had entered, and who dragged me back into the kitchen. A faintness came over me, when, by means of the light which I had dropped on receiving the first alarm, I discovered that my captor was the traveller of the former day. He gave me a look of such triumphant malice, mingled with more hateful feelings, as made me shudder. Meanwhile, one man after another entered rapidly by the window, to the number of six, as it seemed to my confused senses.

"Oh! my poor father! what is to be our fate!" was my first thought on seeing this; and so oppressive was the prospect to my spirit, that I received a temporary relief from all care by sinking into insensibility.

How long I lay in this condition I cannot tell. It must, however, have been a considerable time, for, on recovering my consciousness, I found my father hanging over me, in the state in which he had been dragged by the ruffians from his bed. The poor youth who lived with us was there in the same condition. Besides, the wretches had had time to discover and seize the little money and valuables which had been gathered by my father, the fruits of his long toils. Matters were in this state when my father raised up. I clung to his breast almost unconsciously, to preserve myself from the grasp of another who stood by me—the traveller—or rather the chief of the robbers, for such he seemed to be.

"Divide, divide, men," said he; "for me, I will take nothing; this is my prize," laying his hand at the same time upon my shoulder. "Oh! Miguel, Miguel," was the thought that passed through my shrinking soul at that instant, "little knowest thou what Inez is now suffering!"

"Look at that open space, sir," said my hostess at this part of her story, pointing at the same time to the end wall of the kitchen where we were sitting. A portion of the space above the level of the side walls was open, being evidently an entrance into a hay loft that lay over the stable of the auberge, and which stable was continuous with the dwelling, the whole being of one story. "As I thought upon Miguel at that awful moment," continued Inez, "my eyes—as my head lay upon my father's shoulder—were raised to that space, and there I beheld the head of Miguel! It struck me at first that my excited fancy had conjured up an illusion, and I closed my eyes for a moment. It was well that I did so, for the thought that the image was a deception, gave me time also to consider that a word or a scream would betray him, if what I saw was real. All this passed in an instant. Again I opened my eyes, and I saw not only that Miguel was really there, but that he was about to attempt something for our delivery, for his gun was stretched out before him. He motioned to me with his hand, and I understood his motion and his purpose—his terrible yet necessary purpose. I bowed my head low, and in another second of time a sound as of thunder filled the apartment, followed by groans and curses. Another reverberation almost instantly followed, and amid the smoke which filled the room, I saw nothing, though I heard my brave Miguel leap down into the room, shouting (to deceive the robbers, doubtless, respecting the number of their assailants,)

"Here! this way, my friends! Down with the plunderers!"

"I beheld some of the latter escaping from the room by the way they had entered, and all was ere long quiet! What a scene, however," continued my hostess, whose emotion was greatly excited by the scene she described: "what a scene, sir, this place where we now sit presented after that awful struggle! Two men, killed by one ball, lay prostrate on the floor, and another beside them mortally wounded, so well had the weapon been aimed. Miguel's first thought, after pursuing for a short way the men who had fled in fear and confusion, was to close the house more carefully for the night, the remainder of which we spent in thanking heaven for our deliverance. Miguel informed us, that, having procured a faithful substitute at the town of Ai, he had rapidly retraced his steps on foot, being oppressed with fears for us, arising out of the late adventure with the traveller. When he had reached our house, he had discovered the state of things through the window, which had been but partially closed by the robbers after their entrance. He then went to the stable, burst open the door, and was in time to save us, as has been described.

"In the morning the lad was sent to Ai, to bring the officers of justice. When they came the poor wounded wretch (to whom we paid every attention) was still living to disclose the fact that the six men, of whom he had been one, composed the band who had for a time annoyed and plundered the country, and that the traveller, one of those who had fallen by Miguel's rifle, had been their captain. When I stooped my head, the bullet had passed over me to his heart. The bodies were removed from our house, and an anxious search made in the neighborhood for the other three. They were all ultimately taken and punished. The fastenings of the window," continued the hostess, "by which the robbers had entered must have been secretly loosened by their captain on the day when he was our guest, with a view to future plunder. For his courrageous conduct in destroying this band Miguel received the thanks of the whole country. But alas! sir, my poor father never recovered from the shock which he got on this occasion. He lived, however, to see Miguel and myself united, and then he died happy. Although none of the band concerned in that attack are any longer to be feared, yet can you wonder, sir, after this relation, that I should sometimes tremble when the recollection of these things comes across me, and when Miguel is abroad at night on these lonely hills?"

I paid the comely Inez many compliments on the bravery of her husband, which the affectionate wife blushed with pleasure to hear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Child's Impression of a Star.

BY JOHN M'DIARMID, ESQ.

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven; and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of Nature to a child
In its first impression! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted, with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple fold
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness; and the eve
Stole on, with its deep shadows. Laura still
Stood, looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness—a star
Peep'd suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips; and putting up her hands,
Her simple thoughts broke forth expressively—
"Father, dear father! God has made a Star!"

CURIOUS BELIEF OF THE JAPANESE RESPECTING THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD.—It appears that the inhabitants of this country give a very fantastic account of their origin. At the beginning, say they, they were governed by seven celestial gods, who gave them laws, and afterwards for innumerable centuries by terrestrial divinities of demi-gods. The first of these terrestrial gods began to reign more than two million years ago, and reigned 250,000 years; the second and the third reigned each 300,000 years; the fourth nearly 700,000; and the fifth upwards of 800,000. About the years 660 before the Christian era, the reign of these demi-gods ceased, and the Japanese began to be governed by simple men. The first ruler of that kind was Sin-Mu, and was both pontiff and sovereign, and who founded the royal dynasty of the Dairis. It was he, they declare, who civilized the Japanese. From his time the history of the country is credible. The notions of the Japanese respecting the origin of the world are also singular. When the primitive chaos prevailed, a certain substance arose from the waters, and became a rock. An egg which was floating was caught on the rock. A bull broke the egg with one of its horns, and the world issued from the egg. The bull breathed on the world and the first man was created. As to the materials of which the world was composed they were supplied by a being called Camis, who always sat on a tortoise. He consequently, as well as the bull, existed before the creation of the world. Of religions the Japanese have three: The first holds that there are seven celestial spirits, five spirits of a lower grade or demi-gods, and an unlimited number of inferior spirits, which are the souls of good men gone to Paradise. All these three orders of spirits are worshipped. The emperors are the chiefs of the religion; in fact, they are considered as inferior spirits in a state of embryo. The second religion is called Sendosivist, and was established two thousand years ago. It proclaims the existence of an eternal being animating the world, but denies that there is a future life for the recompense of good and the punishment of evil;—well-doers, it says, are sufficiently recompensed here below by the practice of virtue, and the bad sufficiently punished by the remorse attendant on vice. The followers of this creed have no public form of worship and no temples, but like the Chinese pay homage to Confucius, whom they regard as a saint; they also, like the Chinese, venerate their ancestors. The third religion is that of Buddha, which was introduced some centuries back, and it has been preserved in all its purity. At the present moment it has more followers than the other two. The principal Buddhist idols adored in Japan are Nioo-Rai, Amida, Kanon, and Dzizo, but the most popular of all is Dai Gak, which name means "the Great Black." He is the god of riches, and is in such esteem that he is regarded as a household deity, and is always placed in the post of honor, which is in the kitchen near the fire. Philosophers in Japan have made repeated attempts to reconcile the three religions, but the only result has been to split them into sects.

EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA.—Mr. McDouall Stuart, who was the draughtsman in Capt. Stuart's second great Australian expedition, has made a successful exploration of the interior to the north of South Australia. After crossing the inhospitable region of Lake Torrens, he travelled in a zigzag course, and returned with a knowledge of about forty thousand square miles of new country, of which nearly one half is fit for imemdiate occupation. Mr. Stuart's discoveries have considerably weakened the supposition once entertained that the interior of Australia is an arid desert. There is now every reason to believe that there are patches of good country, intersected with scrub, throughout the whole length of the western side of the Australian contident. The country from Lake Torrens to the Gulf of Carpentaria, the route of the early explorers, is no doubt a barren one, and the future tract, from south to north, must be along the elevated country in the west. Mr. Stuart had only one companion, besides an aborigine, and they were at one time dependent on their guns for a whole month to preserve themselves from actual starvation. The country through which they travelled was varied; sometimes it was through a splendid alluvial country, very fertile, where kangaroo, emu, and cockatoos abounded, and at other times they passed through sandy scrub and stony deserts of the worst description. In 29 deg. south latitude Mr. Stuart discovered the finest creek he had ever seen in Australia. It had long, permanent reaches, fishes were in the water, rushes along the banks, and gum-trees around. He also found permanent water at Andamoka, and auriferous quartz reefs. Mr. Stuart has applied for a lease of 1,500 square miles of the country he has discovered. The South Australian House of Assembly have agreed to give him a fourteen years' lease of the land, which is to be rent free for the first seven years. The lessee is joined in his speculation by Mr. Campbell, a wealthy South Australian stock owner. The 1,500 square miles which will be leased is about the size of Cumberland, one of the largest counties in England. Owing to the discoveries of Stuart, no doubt is now entertained of the magnificent pastoral qualities of the inferior of South Australia. The new discoveries are to the northeast of Lake Torrens. Eyre, the explorer, believed this country to be a desert; yet he expressed his surprise, while in the region of the lake, that while hot scorching winds repeatedly swept across to the coast, yet storms which came up from seawards generally passed inland to the northeast; that when the wind was from the northeast it was comparatively cool; and that large flocks of parrots, of an unknown variety, came from that quarter.

A NATIVE INDIAN ENTERTAINMENT.—The following is a description of an "entertainment" given by the Hindoos and Mahomedans of Madras to Sir H. Rawlinson, the ex-Chief Justice, on his retirement from the Supreme Court:—"The 'nautch' was really a significant affair. A hall capable of holding two thousand people had been erected over the tops of houses and part of the street, and was decorated in true native taste, while the illuminations sent forth their light afar, and attracted outside spectators in thousands. Considerably before the appointed time guests were to be seen driving through a tremendous crowd of Hindoos and Mussulmans towards the brilliantly lighted assembly-hall, and each on passing up the front staircase was received by members of the committee. By ten o'clock the place was full almost to overflowing with uniforms, muftis, native costumes, and ladies' dresses, and the great people of the entertainment arrived—Lady Rawlinson conducted by Lord Harris, and Sir Christopher Rawlinson leaning on the arm of a friend, and still, we are sorry to say, somwhat lame from his recent accident. The farewell address and Sir Christopher's reply were duly read, but could only be heard by a fraction of the assembly; and the misguided band, which began to play in the most ill-timed manner just after the commencement of the reading, served to still further drown the words. The unfortunate musicians, however, were silenced as speedily as possible. After the address and speech the real amusement of the evening commenced. Another address had been thrown into the form of a Tramil poem, and had to be sung all through to the happy Chief Justice, in the same way that 'Chevy Chase' would probably have been sung by the minstrels of olden time. Accordingly, the musicians appeared—two male singers, a male performer on a sort of lute or guitar, and a female singer highly jewelled in her ears and nose. The first set of verses was sung with great energy by the men, who seemed to feel the full force and meaning of the poet. Next followed the female, who was accompanied by a young performer on the violin. Her singing was of course softer and sweeter than that of the men, and her voice had less of the metalic tone which forms so decided a characteristic of native performers. Next followed dancing girls, gorgeously attired and richly jewelled, who told the story of love by their looks and movements alone; while another set performed strange things with a sort of whirligig, and by their fantastic dancing carried the imaginative beholder far back in the annals of time into the harems of the ancient princes of Hindostan. Music, supper, and a grand display of fireworks wound up the evening, but it was long after midnight before the assembly was fairly broken up and all the guests had passed away. We have already said that the entertainment was given on the most liberal scale, and we cannot pass it over without bearing our full testimony to this liberality. Ices, champagne, and everything else were of the best quality, and to be had in profusion; the supper was all that could be expected or desired; and none could have catered better than the committee, or have been more anxious for the comfort of their guests than the native gentlemen who gave the feast."

A POPULAR SUPERSTITION IN ENGLAND.—The lower orders of people in some parts of England have curious superstitions respecting the bee. A poor old widow once complained to me that all her stocks of bees had died, and on inquiring the cause, she informed me that on the death of her husband a short time before, she had neglected to *tap* at each of the hives, to inform the bees of the circumstance; that, in consequence of this omission, they had been gradually getting weaker and weaker, and that now she had not one left. This may be supposed to have been a solitary instance of superstition, but such is by no means the case; and I believe it will be found that very generally, on the death of a cottager who has kept bees, some ceremonious observance takes place. Mr. Loudon mentions that when he was in Bedfordshire, he was informed of an old man who sang a psalm in front of some hives which were not doing well, but which he said would thrive in consequence of that ceremony. This may be a local or individual superstition, but the announcement to the bees of the death of the owner is certainly a more general one. A correspondent of Mr. Loudon's mentions, that in Norfolk, at places where bees are kept, it is an indispensable ceremony, in case of the death of any of the family, to put the bees in mourning, or the consequence would be that all of them would die. The person who made the assertion mentioned a case in point, where, from the neglect of the custom, every bee in the apiary had perished. The method of putting them in mourning is by attaching a piece of black cloth to each of the hives. Another correspondent also says, that in the neighborhood of Coventry, in the event of the death of any of the family, it is considered necessary to inform the bees of the circumstance, otherwise they will dwindle and die. The manner of communicating the intelligence to the little community, is, with due form and ceremony, to take the key of the house, and knock with it three times against the hive, informing the inmates, at the same time, that their master or mistress, as the case may be, is dead. A similar custom prevails in Kent, and in some places it is considered expedient to communicate any great event that may take place to these industrious insects.

CONTENTMENT.—In Vienna, a magnificent house was built by a nobleman, on the front of which is a stone with the inscription, "This house was erected by Count D——, to be given to the first man who can prove that he is really contented." One day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master. "I am come," said he, "to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it upon the man who is really contented. Now, I am in that state, of which I am willing to make oath; you will therefore please, sir, to give me immediate possession." The Count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "You are quite right, sir, with respect to my intentions, but as I do not discover the least pretension you have to the character of a contented man, I beg you will retire. *If you were quite contented, you would not want my house!*

FACETIÆ.

JUDICIAL WIT.—A prisoner was once tried before Baron Alderson for stealing a saw, and in his defence urged that he only took it in a *joke*. "And pray, prisoner, how far might you carry it from the prosecutor's house?" asked the judge. "Perhaps two miles, my lord." "Ah, that was carrying a joke a good deal too far; so the sentence of the Court upon you is, that you be kept to hard labor for two months."

On another occasion, a juryman begging to be excused from attendance, on the grounds of deafness, the judge said, "Why, you can hear me speak." "That's true enough, my lord; but I have to turn my head round very awkwardly, for I am quite deaf of one ear."—"Oh, then, certainly, sir, you are excused," replied Baron Alderson, with mock solemnity, "a juryman ought undoubtedly to hear *both sides*."

FIGHTING ON EQUAL TERMS.—In Georgia, Judge T., a celebrated duellist, who had lost his leg, and who was known to be a dead shot, challenged Colonel D., a gentleman of great humor. The friends tried to prevent the meeting, but to no effect. The parties met on the ground, when Colonel D. was asked if he was ready. "No," he replied. "What are you waiting for, then?" inquired Judge T.'s second. "Why, sir," said Colonel D., "I have sent my boy into the woods to hunt a bee gum to put my leg in, for I don't intend to give the judge any advantage over me; you see he has a wooden leg." The whole party roared with laughter, and the thing was so ridiculous that it broke up the fight. Colonel D. was afterwards told that it would sink his reputation.—"Well," he replied, "it can't sink me lower than a bullet can."—"But," urged his friends, "the papers will be filled about you." "Well," said he, "I would rather fill fifty papers than one coffin." No one ever troubled the Colonel after that.

THE SMITH FAMILY.—"Gentlemen," said a candidate for Congress, "my name is Smith, and, I am proud to say, I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in the crowd owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up his dickey, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort.

Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name,
And stands ever high in the annals of fame.
Let White, Brown, and Jones increase as they will,
Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still.

Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original *Smith*; not a SMITHE, nor a SMYTH, but a regular natural S-M-I-T-H, Smith. Putting a Y in the middle or an E at the end won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of *Smyth* or *Smithe*? Echo answers *who?* and everybody says *nobody*. But as for Smith, plain S-M-I-T-H, Smith, why the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name. Who are the most racy, witty, and popular authors of this century? Horace and Albert Smith. Who the most original, pithy, and humorous preacher? Rev. Sydney Smith. To go further back—who was the bravest and boldest soldier in Sumpter's army in the revolution?- A Smith. Who palavered with Powhattan, galivanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families in Virginia. A Smith again. And who, I ask—and I ask the question more seriously and soberly—who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most women, kissed the most girls, and married the most widows? History says, I say, you say, and everybody says, John Smith.

A YANKEE LOVER'S GENEROSITY.—"Sally," said a green youth in a venerable white hat and gray pants, through which his legs projected half-a-foot, "Sally, before we go into this 'ere museum to see the enchanted horse, I want to ask you somethin'."—"Well, Ichabod, what is it?"—"Why, you see, this 'ere business is gwine to cost a hull quarter of a dollar a-piece, and I can't affond to spend so much for nothin'. Now, ef you'll say you'll have me, darn'd ef I don't pay the hull on't myself—I will!" Sally made a non-committal reply, which Ichabod interpreted to suit himself, and he strode up two steps at a time, and paid the whole on't.

AN ASPIRATION, IN THE ENGLISH STYLE.—"Sally, I've got a sweetheart; such a nice young man! He's in a perfession."—"Oh, Jemima, don't use such wicked words!"—"It ain't a wicked word at all, Sally; its a business."—"What business, Jemima I Anything nice?—"Yes, Sally, and very 'spectable. Guess what it is; it begins with a ho." "I know, Jemima; it's a hofficer."—"No, it ain't though; it's something much better than a hosiffer."—"Well, then, a horange-merchant—that's it, Jemima!"—"Oh, you nasty thing, to think anythink so vulgar! He's a hoctioneer."

The lawyer who filed a note, shaved a bill, cut an ecquaintance, split a hair, made an entry, got up a case, framed an indictment, empannelled a jury, put them into a box, nailed a witness, hammered a judge, and bored a whole court, all in one day, has since given up law and turned carpenter.

Impressive Religious Ceremony at St. Joachim's Church, Frankford, Philadelphia.

Sermon by the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O. S. A.

For the following report of a most interesting and impressive ceremony in St. Joachim's Church, Philadelphia, we are indebted to The Catholic Herald and Visitor.

On Sunday last we were present at one of those cremonies of our Holy Church, which are so well calculated to excite the piety of a sincere Christian, and raise the heart of the true Catholic. The occasion was the blessing of a bell intended for the steeple of St. Joachim's Church, in Frankford, Philadelphia. The beloved pastor, the Rev. John McGovern, has already taken a firm hold on the affections of his flock, to whom he is greatly endeared. Since the erection of this church, the labors of Father McGovern have not been in vain; for his congregation have with gratitude responded cheerfully to everything he asked for. The bell which they have provided for their church will prove a utility as well as an adornment. We congratulate the pastor and his congregation that they have now the most commodious, beautiful and commanding church to be found within many miles of that vicinity. The bells weighs 1,645 lbs., has a clear, bold and sonorous sound, and was manufactured by Messrs. Bernhard & Co., of this city. On one side of it, near the rim, is the inscription:

St. Joachim's Church,
Frankford, Philad.
Rev. Jno. McGovern, Pastor.

On the othdr side is a large cross, above which are the initials:

A. M. D. G.

Below is the inscription:

Sancte Joachim,
ora
pro nobis.

The steeple in which it is to be placed is 67 feet from the base to the apex.

As the ceremonies possessed an unusual interest, we have endeavored to give our readers an extended report.

In the morning, at half-past 10 o'clock, Mass was celebrated by Father McGovern, and the sermon was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Moriarty. It was marked with the usual ability, depth and piety which, when accompanied by a full and clear voice, rendered it one of the most eloquent discourses we have heard for a long time.

The text was taken from the eighth chapter of St. John.

He said that the Hebrews of old greatly feared an amalgamation of the races of Abraham with that of the Gentiles. The Apostle Paul endeavored to show the Hebrew that no real change would occur in the religion of God; but that which had always been one from the beginning, would have its continuity brought unto the fullest perfection in the everlasting dispensation of the Messiah.

Religion, he said, must always be one. It is the voice of God speaking in divers manners, according to the exigencies of the times. This is the foundation of a cheering hope. Its relations, however different they may appear under various aspects, yet are all one. Just as in the formation of a circle, every atom of the circumference is everywhere equally distant from the centre. Though the religion be that of Abraham or Moses; though it be of Paul speaking among the apostles, or that of Timothy or Titus, the doctrine is the same unique and unchangeable voice of God. We will avail ourselves of the exceedingly suggestive Gospel of the day to show the perpetuity and unchangeableness of that unity which makes the Church the expression of the voice of God. This has always cheered and consoled the saintly and the wise of every generation. Transported in rapturous contemplation, they find themselves on the verge of God's supreme dominion. Even the fool who said there was no God, felt that his Maker was not far off when the lightning shattered the rocks, and the waves dashed upon the sides of the bark. He heard God's voice in the storm, although in the calm His existence is boldly ignored. Co-existent with God and with the consciousness which we will entertain of His existence, is the necessity of religion. The feelings of the mind and heart extract from us expressions of gratitude and admiration. Why is it that a conviction like the voices of God echoes throughout the soul? Why is it that God has suspended from yonder sky those brilliant orbs, which it has been said are "the invisible evidences of invisible things."

All this is in perfect accordance with the law of religion. All is done for the purpose of making us religious. Hence we find that the idea of religion remains unimpaired through persecutions and trials. Look to men in any condition, and you will find that it is in the name of God they build up their nations, and in His name perform every great act of their lives. The principle which first made men adore is not wasted, nor has it been lost in the lapse of ages. But it continues ever one and the same—immense in grandeur and infinite in every perfection.

Religion advances not as a remnant of a stupendous ruin, but unto the hope that God will become the priest of its altar.

When men, through necessity or choice, travelled in different countries, we find that religion alone was excepted from the universal change which took place around them. God never allowed religion to be fashioned according to human caprice or opinion. He destined it to be necessarily one and unchanging. Of this we have the most gratifying proof when we behold the earlier nations fashioning religion according to their inclination. We have seen that God denounced every deviation from the original worship instituted by himself. The prayers of those who thus left the true Church, became an abomination. They quickly fell into a degrading idolatry. Having deviated from the path in which their fathers travelled, their most celebrated men show what is done by the interposition of human judgment, when an attempt is made to make religion a national convenience. Those men, so celebrated that we are eager to copy them in the departments of science and art. But on account of their deviation from the religion of God, their genius was wasted. The learned Egyptian adored the crocodile. Even imperial Rome celebrated the rites of Bacchus, and other hideous gods. But did God favor *them*, or those who remained faithful to him? God in His wisdom selected a people and formed what Moses calls a Church as being the Church of the first born. With them he never allowed his religion to depend upon the caprices and speculations of human fancy.

He established the purity and perpetuity of religion in the unity of his own truth and the unchangeableness of His own Divine nature. Religion, pure, holy and undefiled, arose in the world with Adam and the patriarchs. In this state it remained until God gave the saving faith of a Redeemer. At that early day, the sons of men were steady and firm, resolved to part with life rather than allow a change to be made in their religion by man. We find this same religion flourishing with Noah, and carried over the world by Ham and his descendants. We behold it in a still more resplendent form on the Mount, when God said through Moses that his religion would be handed down till the world should be no more. The same religion accompanied the Jew, cheering and consoling the captor and the conqueror. We find it among those holy men who brought to the remembrances of the people their duties to God. We find it undiminished until the Saviour was born on the earth. We can trace it in this way from age to age, until the Saviour of the world was made flesh and dwelt among us. Thus we have a matter of fact evidence showing the uniformity of the institutions of God's religion even before the time of Christ.

At length God spoke to us through His Son and His Apostles. They have published the glad tidings of salvation to all men, with the assurance that there were no changes or alterations. Those who believed the Apostles would be saved, and those who would not would be condemned, because what they said was the expression of God's will, which is to be preached till the end of time.

This glance, he said, which we have taken, shows conclusively that no failure or change has ever taken place in the true religion. Dynastics flourished and died out; languages were changed; nations decayed, but in religion no deficiency occurred. Religion then became the sacred endowment—the sacred means by which God holds the soul of man in communion with Himself. It is the means by which He allows some glimpses of his Sovereign Majesty to be seen by us. It, therefore, is like God himself—one and unchangable. The patriarchs and prophets have appeared, not pretending to institute any different order of religious service than that one which prevailed from the beginning. It was only through the interposition of God himself that anything is to be made different. Why, if it were possible to imagine that any alteration could occur by the command of God, it would not be true because he said that he would bring into glorious perfection that which had hitherto been promised.

Let us then be thankful; let us be grateful for the favors that have been bestowed upon us.

The reverend speaker then said that religion was now a matter of fact. It is the expression of God's voice. Hence arises its immutability. Hence the reason that the followers of Christ are sometimes held in scorn for maintaining these doctrines; but it is gratifying to know that walking in the paths of our fathers, we may feel cheered when we can trace our ancestry so far back, even unto the very throne of God. We have but one faith, and that is secure in knowing that we hear the voice of God through His established Church, which will publish God's Word unceasingly unto the end of the world. We are not, it is true, among the ranks of the wealthy of the world, but we do belong to the kingdom. We belong to that one congregation established by God himself, which is now as it ever has been, and will continue to be so until God shall summon us to appear before Him at his judgment seat.

The glad tidings of salvation, he said, are not to be published by men who are at all times a disgrace to the holy religion which they profess. The speaker then denounced in very severe and just terms the Catholic who, by intemperance, brings disgrace upon his religion. He said that wherever a drunkard is found, there are thousands ready to say that such a man is "Irish," and that he is a "Catholic." How our religion is injured by the profligate conduct of men and women, aye old men and old women, moving on the very verge of the grave. Let us have an end to such things, and let the name of Catholic become the signification of worthiness. Let the rum-seller and the rum-drinker return to the consciousness of their duty, and the name of Catholic will no longer be the mark for the finger of scorn, but it will be the highest praise a man can receive when he is called "Catholic."

After the conclusion of the sermon, Father McGovern said that nothing had ever pleased him more than the concluding remarks of Dr. Moriarty's sermon. He hoped his congregation would have it impressed upon their minds, and profit by what had been said.

In the afternoon, at half-past three o'clock, the ceremony of the blessing of the bell took place. It was suspended in the lower part of the church, in a recess between the door and the entrance to the church. It was blessed by Right Rev. Bishop Newmann, assisted by several clergymen from different churches in the city. They ceremony lasted nearly an hour during which time the strictest silence prevailed in all parts of the church.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

Departure of a Pastor—Address of St. Mary's Committee, and his Reply.—A committee of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Jersey City, waited, the evening of April 8, on their late pastor, the Rev. J. Coyle, at the house of the pastor of St. Peter's, in order to present a service of Altar Plate, with Vestments, &c., to him, and to express the kind sentiments of the parishoners, and their heartfelt regrets at his departure from amongst them.

Mr. P. Reilly, on behalf of the congregation, said:

Rev. and Beloved Father and Friend: The congregation of St. Mary's has just been thrown into the deepest affliction, grief and surprise by the announcement of your departure from this city. At first many were indignant, and urged us to send a deputation to our good Bishop, that he might not deprive them of a devoted pastor, against whom there was no one to find a single fault; no one could say there was any blemish on you, or any difficulty between us. Our first thought was how we could avert the stroke of adversity coming to every heart and every fireside amongst us. We resolved to pray the Right Rev. Bishop to leave us a clergyman so devoted to the people entrusted to his care. This was abandoned because it had not your approbation. Next, we thought of having a general meeting, but declined it, as we found it met opposition from our friend. As your determination to leave is unalterable, we hope to profit by your counsel to submit to the will of God and the decision of our ecclesiastical superior, who has, we hear, promised you another position.

When we review your labors amongst us for the past year, we cannot refrain from giving some vent to our feelings, at least, by this humble offering, accompanied by the grateful tribute of the people whose grief is inconsolable at the loss they are about to sustain. Yes, Rev. Sir, in those few short years we can trace your course of zeal and usefulness, for you have left works that stand as monuments of your unremitting toil in the cause of religion.

To you and the Rev. Father O'Reilly of Newburg, with whom you labored, and who so well knows your worth, Westchester County, N. Y., owes two temples of devotion. Hudson City, N. J., bears witness to your zeal. A thousand laborers collected there by the great Befgen Tunnel found themselves deprived of the consolations of religion—they felt forgotten; but God in His mercy looked upon them; He inspired a good resolve in your charitable heart, when you grieved for their sorrows and hastened to relieve their wants. In the brief space of six weeks you built a comfortable chapel, at a cost of sixteen hundred dollars, and had the children gathered into a school in the upper part of the building. And then and there you, under God, laid the foundation of a church.

Among us, on every side, we see the result of your untiring labors. To you and your cordial friend, the pastor of St. Peter's, we are indebted for St. Mary's, where we will long remember you when we bend our knee before its altar. Never, perhaps, shall we again witness such unanimity between two churches as was here, where the people and their faithful pastors, the Rev. Father Kelly and yourself, seemed to have but one mind and one heart.

The numerous societies here, and which are in so flourishing a condition; the youth you instructed in classic learning, and who promise to become ornaments to society, and to whose spiritual welfare you devoted so much time and pains; the schools you have established in this city and in Hudson City, with many other noble Christian works, call forth our admiration and our gratitude. We cannot, then, let one "whom none knew but to love, none named but to praise," go from amongst us without expressing, in some way, our love and gratitude.

We therefore, Rev. Father, most respectfully beg your acceptance of this present as a token, however inadequate, of our affection and devotedness, and feel assured that you will prize them as a heart-offering from your people.

The Rev. Mr. Coyle replied as follows:

My Dear Brethren and Much Esteemed Friends: Your visit, on the present occasion, truly surprises me. Conscious that I am undeserving of any marked attention, I feel quite embarrassed, and hardly know what to say in reply to your expressions of confidence and friendship, or how to thank you for so many testimonials of your regard. I refer now not merely to the present; the past instances, also, of your generous kindness towards me, I still treasure up within this breast. Trusting, however, that neither time nor distance shall ever efface the memory, or lessen, in any degree, the intensity and warmth of that friendship which has for years existed between us, cemented, as it has been, by the sacred bond of religion, I leave St. Mary's with less anxiety. And, gentlemen, there are likewise other circumstances which should, on both sides, reconcile us all to the present separation and its consequences. It should not be omitted here, and I state it in all sincerity, that the Right Rev. Bishop's appointment of your present pastor, the Rev. Father Senez, augers well for your spiritual interests. He is qualified for the post, and will discharge, I have no doubt, his duties well and faithfully. I have said so to your committee recently, when twenty of the leading parishioners of St. Mary's called on me to consent to a meeting of the congregation in order to petition the Right Rev. Bishop to reconsider the order for this change, and to reverse his decree. I refused, as you know, in very positive terms, to countenance this measure, although proposed legitimately, and dictated, as we all know, by no spirit of opposition to the episcopal authority. And again, the present change is not, as I imagine, without some advantages to myself personally; for it leaves me at liberty to carry out a purpose which I have entertained for several years past, of emigrating to the great and fertile West—the Land of Promise for my countrymen in this New World. I have heretofore often sought, but failed to obtain, permission to leave the East. Now, it would seem, Divine Providence affords me occasion of pursuing my favorite object, and of contributing to western emigration the force of example.

You are correct when you say that the Right Rev. Bishop of Newark offered me other positions in his Diocese, but he did more, when he gave me my dismissory letters, in which he kindly testifies in a manner so very commendatory of my character. Positions of usefulness, and over larger congregations than that of St. Mary's, have been also offered me in neighboring Dioceses. I have, however, preferred to live and labor at the West.

As to your kind allusion, gentlemen, to my labors under the illustrious Archbishop of New York, before the division of his Diocese, and subsequently here, I can say, that whatever success has attended my efforts in building, or in assisting to build churches, or in the erection of schools, was chiefly owing to contributions generously made by the Irish Catholics, as usual, and amongst whom it has been my lot to labor. In the districts referred to, just as everywhere else throughout this great country (with some exceptions, and chiefly among the faithful of the Germans,) these monuments of faith and piety may, in truth, be called the works of the persecuted and exiled children of Ireland. These faithful and generous people, it may be said, anticipate the priest's appeal, to offer of the fruits of their labor upon the altar of religion. How often has the Catholic clergyman, notwithstanding his intimate knowledge of Irish liberality in the cause of religion, have been amazed at the sacrifices thus offered by Irish servant-maids and laborers!—persons in whom is most peculiarly exhibited the civilizing influences of a lively Christian faith, whatsoever which the finer and nobler feelings of our nature must have long since perished in them under their cruel servitude, at home as well as abroad. In Jersey City especially, I have witnessed the most striking proofs of this liberality; for, although the Catholic population does not amount, probably, to five thousand, and these chiefly servants, and of the laboring class, their generosity will compare favorably with much larger congregations, and I know that the church revenue here exceeds that of much larger and more costly structures elsewhere, in which the wealthy and influential classes worship. At one collection in St. Peter's and St. Mary's Churches, I raised upward of one third of the entire cost of St. Bridget's Chapel in Hudson City, to which you refer so flatteringly. For St. Mary's and its site (eleven lots of ground) in this city, the large amount of $20,433 44, as shown in our recent report, has already been paid, to say nothing of $6,500—increased value of the land—or of the current expenses of the church since its dedication in 1855.

It was in view, gentlemen, of these burthens, which you have assumed, that I felt unwilling to accept of the purse you, in your generosity, lately offered to me. And it was chiefly the same feeling which prevented my acceptance of moneys offered to me by numerous individuals during the last few days. I have never, as I believe you all know, accumulated money. I desire not to do so. Neither by my mode of living, nor even by any religious ambition of erecting a temple beyond your means, have I done anything which even the enemies of religion could, in my opinion, construe as an oppression of the people.

I believe, however, it would be wrong to repulse my friends here this evening, or to refuse these presents. I shall accept them in the spirit in which they are offered, as a token of friendship and a memento of the filial love of the people of St. Mary's congregation. It was piety and friendship solely which procured them and engraved upon them my humble name; they will therefore be esteemed more for that than for their intrinsic worth. At whatever altar I officiate their use shall remind me of a pleasing duty—to pray for my warm and devoted friends in Jersey City.

Confirmation in St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann.—Last Sunday, (10th inst.,) says the Catholic Herald and Visitor of the 16th inst., the Right Rev. John N. Neumann conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on over 300 persons at St. Michael's Church, of whom 180 were young people.

The Bishop celebrated 7 o'clock Mass, and after explaining the mysteries and graces of Confirmation, delivered that Sacrament. The boys and girls of the Sunday school, who were uniformly dressed in an appropriate and tasty manner, evinced great regularity, atten-

tion and devotion. They were under the immediate charge and care of the ever-zealous and attentive Brothers of the Christian School, (who now superintend St. Michael's large and flourishing Parochial School) assisted by an efficient corps of Sunday school teachers. During the conferring of the Sacrament, and the celebration of Mass, a number of pretty hyms of a suitable kind, were sung in chorus by a combination of youthful voices, and nothing but the most desirable order prevailed throughout the entire services. The Bishop remained for late Mass which was celebrated by Rev. Daniel Kelly, and commenced at a quarter to 11 o'clock. The Church was densely crowded, and the Right Rev. Prelate preached an able and convincing sermon upon the regular Gospel of the day.

At the offertory of the Mass the following beautiful versical from the Psalms of David, and strictly proper to the service of this day, (Passion Sunday) was effectively sung in the choir-room as a solo: *Confiteor tibi Domine, en toto corde meo: retribue servo tuo: viram, et custodiam sermones tuos: vivifica me secundum verbum tuum, Dumine.*"

The recipients of the Sacrament were present in the afternoon at Vespers, seated in a body in the centre aisles of the church; the afternoon service terminating with the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Previous to the commencement of Vespers, the confirmed were severally introduced to the Bishop at the foot of the Sanctuary, who gave to each one a certificate of Confirmation; after which the Right Rev. Prelate proceeded to Frankford to bless the large new Bell at St. Joachim's Church.

Interesting from Iowa—What the Catholics in Dubuque have done and are doing—Society of St. Vincent de Paul.—The following interesting account of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul at Dubuque, will be read with both pleasure and profit. It shows what the Catholics of that place are doing not only for those who are left dependant upon their charity, but that they are fully alive to the importance of securing the blessings of a religious education for their children. It is needless to say that we shall always be glad to hear of the progress of our fellow Catholics of Dubuque, and particularly of their success in providing for those who are unable to provide for themselves:

St. Raphael's Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul at Dubuque, Iowa, was organized on the last anniversary of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8, 1858, and is now composed of 120 active and 40 honorary or contributing members. The general prostration of business in the west, in consequence of the withdrawal of eastern capital, threw an unprecedented number of workingmen out of employment, and quadrupled the number of poor families during the last winter over those of any former period. The City Treasury, which always dealt liberally with the poor, was bankrupt, and the citizens "Poor Relief Association" dissolved on the approach of the first frost for want of ability to meet the gaunt spectre of distress which stared them in the face. The Church, as is her custom on all trying occasions, defiantly met the crisis, inaugurated the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and ushered in an era of hope to hundreds who were on the brink of starvation! The good Bishop, besides preaching a charity sermon, gave liberally from his private purse; Rev. J. B. Donelan, Rector of the Cathedral, delivered a lecture; the members of the society begged through the streets and went for provisions with their own teams among the farmers in the country, over a distance of thirty miles, until the clamor of hunger was stilled, and a quiet resignation to the will of God prevailed in the community. Nor were the labors of the society confined to the mere distribution of breadstuffs. They brought many wandering children of the church to their religious duties, and hundreds of boys and girls to be regular attendants at Sunday School. They have provided homes for several orphans, made a fair commencement of a library, and established an evening school where some forty men and boys, not under fifteen years of age, are taught reading, writing, arithmetic and grammar by well qualified members of the Brotherhood. It was a glorious sight to see this fine body of men, among whom are said to be three members but recently rescued from Free Masonry, uniting with a like number of the Sodality of the B. V. M. at Holy Communion on the first Sunday of Lent. Aided by the Ladies Benevolent Society they have brought about a change in the religious atmosphere of Dubuque within the last year which cannot but be gratifying to the heart of the venerable Bishop, to whom, under God, we are indebted for the salvation of so many souls.

But I have wandered from the object with which I commenced this letter, viz: to tell you of an interesting little ceremony which I had the pleasure of witnessing at a regular weekly meeting of this Conference last evening. Monsieur De Greselles, an artist from Paris, but who is now a resident of Dubuque, united with the Secretary, Mr. John Deery, in the execution and cost of an oil painting characteristic of the holy mission of St. Vincent de Paul, as a present to the society. A lithographic print of the Saint was procured from the Secretary of the Council in New York, a gentleman to whom this Conference is largely indebted for many acts of kindness. The Right Rev. Bishop was invited to the commodious and well-arranged room of the society, and was accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Donellan, McCabe and Durnin, the latter being the spiritual director of the Conference. After the reading of the opening prayer, the Litany of St. Vincent, the minutes of the last meeting and the call of the roll, Mr. Deery rose and presented the picture in a chaste and interesting address. He also read a letter in French, which he translated into English, from Mr. De Griselles, by way of modest apology for want of artistic elegance in a work which he performed during the winter, at intervals of leisure, using his bed-room as a studio, and while members of his family were prostrated on a sick bed. The picture was then uncovered and hung over the President's chair, to the great gratification of all present. The President (Judge Corkery) thanked the donors on behalf of the Conference, and invited the Bishop, who, he said, was not only President in fact, but also the Father and Founder of the Conference, to address the meeting. The Bishop, in his seat, spoke for half an hour, in words which produced a thrilling effect on all who heard him. He drew a fervid portraiture of true charity; sketched the life and character of St. Vincent, whose picture was presented to them this evening; took a rapid survey of the works of the society throughout the world; acknowledged the consolation which the works of this Conference gave him during the winter, and made a fervent appeal for perseverance in their labor of love for the poor of Christ. When he concluded, the members all fell on their knees at the signal from the President, and received the Episcopal blessing. Tickets of relief were then distributed for adopted families. Members applied for temporary relief for other cases of destitution; the fifteen mysteries of the Living Rosary were assigned for the coming week to as many different members, in the order of their names on the roll; the concluding prayers were read by the spiritual director, and the meeting adjourned to Monday evening, April 18. Thus ended one of the most interesting scenes which it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

The following is a description of the painting, which I have just now seen in one of the daily papers. It is to be exhibited to the public for a week, and then blessed by our Bishop. I will add that St. Raphael's Conference is about becoming incorporated under a general law of the State entitled "An act for the incorporation of Benevolent, Charitable, Scientific and Missionary Societies."

We had the pleasure of seeing yesterday a good painting from the easel of our fellow townsman, F. V. De Griselles. The painting is on a canvass of thirty-seven by forty inches, and represents St. Vincent de Paul in the act of dispensing charity. He stands within the portals of an ancient church, the pillars and capitals of which, together with a crypt surmounted by a crucifix at the doorway, is crumbling away with age. The venerable man has halted by the way to listen to the importunities of a widowed mother, who, kneeling by his side, craves his compassion for her fatherless babe, which she has laid at his feet. In his left arm he supports an orphan child he has found uncared for, while in his right hand he holds a basket well stored with provisions for the hungry. His attitude and the expression of his face is that of one who has a lively remembrance that the Master has said the poor would always remain with us, and that the duty inferred of caring for them was his pleasure. The likeness of St. Vincent de Paul in the picture is said to be a truthful portraiture; all the rest is from the ideal of the clever artist.

On Monday evening this *chef d'œuvre* was presented to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, by Mr. J. Deery, as the joint offering of M. De Griselles and himself, and was received for the society by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Smyth, in a brief address, commending the spirit of the donors and the ability of the artist. The occasion is said to have been a highly interesting one, it being the first visit of the Bishop to the society.

Bishopric Declined.—We learn, says the Louisville Guardian of the 9th inst., from reliable authority, that the Rev. —— Grace, O. S. D., has sent back the bulls nominating him to the vacant See of St. Paul. We can but regret that Father Grace has felt constrained to decline the position in the Church to which he had been recommended by the Bishops of the Province, and for which he is so well fitted by his learning, piety, and zeal.

What the Catholics of Cambridgeport are Doing.—The spirited Catholics of this portion of the diocese of Boston, says The Boston Pilot of the 16th inst., have purchased a splendid site for a new Church in the flourishing town of Cambridgeport. The lot of the site is the old City Hall, corner of Harvard and Norfolk streets, and comprises 16,794 1-2 square feet. The price paid was thirty-eight cents per foot, and cost $6,381 91. The committee—consisting of Messrs. John Conlan, John Hegney, Edward Cassady, Patrick Rafferty, and James Costello—deserve much credit for their exertions to secure this fine lot. Several thousand dollars have been offered to the committee for their bargain, but they have refused to sell.

St. Mary's Theological Seminary, Cincinnati.—The following are the amounts received from various sources, for this institution:

Church collections	$2,120 62
Annual subscriptions	535 09
Donations	2,031 09
Total	$4,686 71

A New Catholic Church for Pendleton.—The Archbishop of Cincinnati has written the following letter in regard to the erection of a new church in his Diocese:

Cincinnati, April 8, 1859.

The large Catholic population scattered over East Walnut Hills, East Fulton, Pendleton, are much in want of a Catholic Church and school.

A lot has been donated for the purpose. Rev. Mr. Michael O'Sullivan has been appointed to the pastoral care of the new church and congregation—to be called of the Holy Angels.

We recommend the building of the church and school-house to the zeal and charity of Cincinnati Catholics. May they correspond cheerfully and generously with the wants of the congregation and the claims of Almighty God, in rearing this new monument of Catholic faith in the Queen City and on the banks of the Ohio.

†JNO. B. PURCELL,
Archbishop of Cincinnati.

FOREIGN.

A Present from the Fishermen of Civita Vecchia to the Pope.—We are assured that the railway line from Rome to Civita Vecchia is to be opened on the 1st of April, but there are many persons incredulous enough to declare that the public will be made April fools of on the occasion. It is certain, however, that the desirable event is not very far distaat, as the line is already in operation, and an example of the rapidity with which the hitherto tedious journey may in future be effected has been afforded by the arrival at the Vatican of five carts, gaily decorated with draperies and feestoons of laurel, and conveying from the railway provisional station, outside the Porta Portese, an enormous quantity of fine fish, all alive, having been transferred from their native briny element to the Pope's palace, and consigned to the larder of his Holiness in about two hours and a half.

This tribute of first fruits from the town of Civita Vecchia was graciously received by Pio Nono, and formed a peculiarly apt present yesterday, it being both a feast and a fast day, the festival of the Annunciation and Friday; but the quantity, amounting to about 5,000 lbs. weight, proving too large for the limited requirements of the pontifical kitchen, his Holiness gave directions for it to be divided into suitable portions and sent as presents to his venerable brethren the Cardinals, Prelates, Superiors of Convents, and some other favored individuals. A deputation of forty fishermen from Civita Vecchia waited on the Pope on the occasion, and presented him with a copy of verses.

Papal Charity.—The Giornale di Roma states that on the 25th ult. the Pope went in company with Cardinal de Bonald, Archbishop of Lyons, and Cardinal Rauscher, Archbishop of Vienna, to visit the Church of Santa Maria, on Annunciation Day. After the ceremony, the Pope, according to custom, handed over a hundred scudi in gold to the delegates appointed to give portions on that occasion to a certain number of poor girls.

Church of St. Patrick, Ringsend.—We announced a short time since the roofing in of this church, and are now happy to state that its interior decorations in an architectural point of view are nearly completed. On Friday the new bell, cast to order for this edifice, in the well-known foundry of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Murphy, was solemnly consecrated to its sacred uses of tolling the hours of prayer and calling the people to worship. The consecrating prelate was the Lord Bishop of Saldes, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connell, the respected pastor of the district, and by the whole of the parochial clergy of Irishtown and St. Mary's. The Rev. T. Mullally officiated as deacon. The Rev. Messrs. P. Smith, T. Leahy, D. Mulcahy, W. Donelly, P. Nolan, M. Doyle, &c. &c., were present, and took part in the proceedings. The bishop and clergy entered in procession from the chapel-house—the prelate in cope and mitre; the Very Rev. pastor in purple soutane, surplice, and stole, and the reverend deacon in dalmatic; the other clergy with soutanes and surplices. In the centre of the church wherein a numerous congregation had assembled, the bell was placed on a suitable support. The ceremonial of consecrating it was gone through with the usual rites, and the canticles proper to the occasioned were intoned. At one of the intervals of the ceremony, a highly interesting incident took place. The sacrament of confirmation was administered by the Lord Bishop to a young lady of about seventeen years of age, who was thus specially favored. The bell, like all produced from Mr. Murphy's foundry, is handsomely shaped and finely toned. It bears, in raised characters, on its outer surface, the inscription "*Sancte Patriti ora pro nobis.*" It will be raised to its belfry on the church gable this forenoon. The ceremonial, which commenced at half-past one o'clock, concluded at about three o'clock, when the congregation separated.

[Dublin Freeman.

Receptions.—On the 7th ultimo, at the Presentation Convent Bagnalstown, by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Mary (in religion, Sister M. Clare), in the 21st year of her age, daughter of Mr. N. Lyons of Moanduff, in the county Carlow. The Rev. Denis Kane, Leighlin Bridge, preached a very eloquent and effective sermon, being quite suitable to the happy occasion. At the conclusion of the ceremony a select circle of guests, invited on the occasion, were entertained at a sumptuous luncheon prepared with much taste by the good sisters. On Thursday, the 3d instant, we had the gratification of again witnessing the reception of a nun into the Presentation Convent of this town. The lady received was Miss Roche, (in religion Sister Mary Bernard), daughter of Mr. Michael Roche, Castle street, Dublin. The Right Rev. Dr. Walshe officiated on the occasion. At the conclusion of the ceremony of the reception the Rev. James Hughes, P.P., Naas, delivered a very eloquent and appropriate sermon. The Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament having been administered, the friends of the lady received retired to the reception hall, where a splendid *dejeuner* had been prepared for them.

Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, P.P., V.F., Kilfinane.—The Very Rev. founder of the young men's societies visited both the society's rooms in Drogheda on the 28th ult. The aggregate number of the "brothers" in Drogheda is nearly 1,200. The Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien preached in Newry on Sunday, in aid of the Christian Brothers' schools—nearly £100 was collected on the occasion. On Monday night the Very Rev. gentleman again addressed the congregation, and closed by some advice to the Young Men's Society of the town. His address on each occasion lasted over an hour.

Formation of a Young Men's Society at Navan.—By the invitation of the Most Rev. J. Cantwell, Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien proceeded to Navan on Friday evening, where the Most Rev. Prelate and the clergy met him for the purpose of forming a Young Men's Society. The great edifice—the Parochial Church—was filled in every part, over six thousand people being present. The Lord Bishop presided upon the auspicious occasion. The Very Rev. Founder opened his address at a quarter past 7, and closed at a quarter to 9 o'clock, when he called upon his new neophytes to come forward. On the spot he enrolled nearly five hundred. It was solemly impressive to see this multitude, in the imperfect light of a night assemblage, raising their hands up to Heaven and pledging themselves to put down sin and falsehood, and to work "in that mission for the glory of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church."

Mdlle. Marie de la Rochejacquelin, daughter of the Marquis and Senator of France of that name, took the veil on the 21st of March in the Convent des Oiseaux. The Bishop of Poitiers officiated.

St. Francis Xavier's Cathedral in Australia.—The additional works for completion of this edifice have been commenced. The con-

tractor for the supply of stone has engaged to deliver 2,000 cubic feet, at the rate of 100 feet per week, at 2s. per foot. A considerable quantity has been already delivered, and the masons have commenced. The new works, we are informed, will comprise the completion of the southern portion of the cathedral, including the sanctuary, the lady chapel, the side chapel, and the sacristy. The contract, amounting to £2,760, has been taken by Mr. Mullen of Adelaide, and is to be completed with eighteen months. The stone is not from the same quarry as the last, though from one in its immediate neighborhood, at the Dry Creek, and is considered of excellent quality. The entire works of the cathedral are carried on under the professional supervision of the Hon. G. S. Kingston.

[Adelaide Observer, Jan. 22.

On the 11th December Archbishop Polding returned to Sydney, Australia, after visiting several of the outlying Northern districts. While at Brisbane, Moreton Bay, he consecrated the cemetery connected with St. Stephen's Church.

The annual collection in aid of the new Catholic Church now being built in this city was made on Sunday last, when nearly £200 was subscribed. This is the third general appeal which the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly has made to the diocese within the last few years. The joint proceeds of the first two efforts amounted to above £2,000, from which fact it may be inferred that this year's collections in the various parishes will realize a handsome sum.

[Londonderry Journal.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

PREPARATION FOR THE PEACE CONGRESS

Gavazzi, the Apostle of Discord, at his Old Work in Galway.

Conviction of a Phœnix Prisoner.

We have intelligence from the Old World up to the 2d inst. by the Europa, which left Liverpool on that day, and arrived here on the morning of the 18th.. The following are the principal features of her news:

IRELAND.

THE PHŒNIX PRISONERS—THE GOVERNMENT AT LAST SUCCESSFUL IN PROCURING THE CONVICTION OF DANIEL SULLIVAN.—It is well known to our readers that for some time past the English government has been straining every nerve to obtain a conviction in the case of the members of the Phœnix Clubs, and that having been defeated in Kerry on the occasion of the first trial, the prisoner Daniel Sullivan was remanded and subjected to a second. The result of that trial has reached us by the Europa. It is most unfavorable to the prisoner. Sullivan has been convicted and condemned to ten years penal servitude. Mr. Whiteside, after unparalleled exertions, and after bringing the whole weight of the government influence to bear upon this case, has succeeded in obtaining a verdict favorable to the Crown. Packing a jury is a favorite expediency of English Crown lawyers, and well it may be, for nothing works so effectually—nothing is so safe; moreover, it is in keeping with the cruel, cowardly sagacity that has invariably characterized English legislature in that island. Its success on the present occasion is another proof of its efficiency. What effect this conviction of Daniel Sullivan may have on the fate of the fifteen now on trial in Belfast it is not difficult to conjecture. On the first of April the Belfast jury had not agreed upon a verdict, and were consequently locked up to produce unanimity, but should they continue obstinate another jury will be summoned more pliable and manageable, and thus a conviction will be produced without violating the semblance of law.

We are sorry to see Mr. Whiteside in his present position, for he was not the least distinguished among the eminent counsel that defended O'Connell and his associates in the State Trials of 1844. That he should now be found exerting his talent and his influence against these men with unnecessary sincerity, is a proof of the deteriorating effects of place and party. What a miserable contrast this learned lawyer presents to the poor woman who nobly exhorted her sons not to testify against the prisoners, no matter what the effect of such a refusal might be to themselves personally.

THE APOSTATE GAVAZZI AT WORK IN IRELAND—THE POPULAR INDIGNATION AGAINST HIM ASSUMES A RATHER DEMONSTRATIVE FORM FOR THE APOSTLE OF DISCORD.—By the last mail we learn that the notorious Gavazzi has been in Galway recently, lecturing for the purpose of exciting disturbance in that locality, and that he succeeded in his laudable object. Like every true firebrand, tumult is his element, and his course may be tracked by the disturbance he creates as unerringly as the incendiary by the fires he kindles. The following account of the rather unfavorable effect of his efforts to apostatize the people of Galway is from The Vindicator:

"The Italian lecturer arrived here yesterday. The nature of his opinions, or assumed opinions, and mission, may be guessed from this fact: that he was received by the ultra-Protestant saint, Brownrigg. He lectured in the evening at the school in Merchants' Road. The subject, of course, was Italy and the Papacy, and the usual ardent declamation marked his course. His auditory was of the lowest class and a considerable number of boys who assembled in the neighborhood of the conventicle kept up a chorus of shouting. This day the apostle of discord proceeded through the city, accompanied by Mr. Brownrigg and met with rather a warm reception. This region is much too Catholic for these brothers. The saints were roughly handled, and Gavazzi was obliged to take refuge in the police barracks.

4 o'clock P. M.—The excitement has by this time risen to a high pitch among the lower order of the populace, and a number of Protestant clergymen and Scripture-readers who were assembled with Gavazzi, were hooted and pelted with stones, sods of turf, and every description of missiles. The Reverend Messrs. Ashe, Caldwell, Lewis and M'Manus, received very severe treatment. A Scripture-reader named O'Connor, received two blows on the head from stones, from which he is bleeding profusely; he took refuge in a shop but the cries of the mob were so violent that he was ejected into the street, and under the shelter of a single policeman he ran for his life to the Police barracks, where he is receiving medical attendance. The Rev. Mr. Caldwell, who was with him, ran off through the crowd, and, getting a little in advance of them, found shelter within the county jail. In the meantime, Gavazzi, who had taken shelter somewhere, that no one knew of but himself, issued forth, and accompanied by a clergyman, made a race out toward the west for the residence of the Rev. Mr. Brownrigg, and was hotly pursued by the great body of the infuriated crowd; but he had made his appearance in retreat before they had heard of it. As soon as they did, they rushed down in that direction, but by the judicious arrangements of the police authorities they were effectually cut off from pursuing him, which, if they had succeeded in doing, the results would have been desperate, if not fatal. Forty policemen, with fixed bayonets, were drawn across the end of Dominick street, adjoining Bridge street, one facing in the direction of Claddagh to prevent the wild denizens of that locality from joining the populace in town; the other facing into town to prevent the pursuit of Gavazzi. Fortunately the wooden bridge was closed of access to the west, the draw-bridge being out of repair, and it is thought Gavazzi is safely housed at the hour we write. The Rev. Mr. Mausell escaped without injury, though he was obliged to be escorted home by Sergeant Mulville. Where all the others have taken shelter we have not ascertained. The disturbance seems now nearly over at the hour we are going to press, but the excitement continues very high.

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD.—In the last number of THE RECORD we announced the death of the Marquis of Waterford by a fall from his horse while hunting on the 29th of last month. He was born April 26, 1811, and on the death of his father in 1826, succeeded to his titles and estates, from which he derived an immense yearly income of £100,000 per annum. The possessor of this princely revenue spent many years of his life in the ennobling amusement of breaking windows, wrenching off door-knockers and beating watchmen. Foreign countries can bear testimony to his proficiency in these aristocratic accomplishments, for like a true citizen of the world he did not reserve his talents for the edification of his native land alone. This good city of New York was honored by an exhibition in his Lordship's peculiar line some twenty-five years ago, and the magistrate of that day had the bad taste to punish him for it. The Beresfords are a Norman family, who came over with William the Conqueror; they have always adhered to the Government and have reaped their reward in a long string of English and Irish titles that are not barren names, but which represent immense estates in the fairest counties of both countries. Many members of the family have attained to very high positions in the Established Church in Ireland, and to one of them the Rev. Lord John Beresford, the titles and estates of the Marquis of Waterford descends, he leaving no children to inherit them.

ENGLAND.

The Derby Reform bill has been defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of thirty-nine, and the English papers are taken up with speculations on the probable result. The dissolution of Parliament, or the resignation of Ministers, is held to be inevitable; indeed, some journals affirm that the latter course has been adopted, but that the Queen refused to accept the resignation of her Ministers.

The Post thinks it probable that Lord Derby has not yet resigned office, and equally probable that if he has suggested a dissolution to the Queen, that his proposition has been deemed undesirable in the present state of affairs. The Post says, it will not be surprised if the noble lord makes an appeal to his party to continue their suppport to him, and if he deem the critical state of Europe a sufficient justification for not hastily relinquishing office.

Nothing definite, however, will be known until Parliament re-assembles on the 4th inst.

More than one journal states that her Majesty has sent for the Marquis of Lansdowne, to advise her Majesty what course she ought to adopt.

FRANCE.

In France there appears to be a desire for peace on the surface, but underneath the preparations for war are carried on with startling energy. The troops in Algiers are ready for embarkation at a moment's notice. One hundred and fifty thousand men are so stationed that they can be poured into Turin in four days, and the only party that really desire peace are the moneyed classes.

Count Cavour's visit, which gave rise to such endless speculations, ended on the 30th, and the newspaper correspondents say that he left France in high spirits, and that his interviews with the Emperor were prolonged and confidential. In reply to the Italian refugees who waited on him, Count Cavour remarked that he was perfectly satisfied with the result of his visit to Paris.

It is said that all officers in Paris on leave of absence had received orders to join their regiments.

A second division of the army of Algeria was shortly expected to arrive at Marseilles.

AUSTRIA.

According to reliable intelligence, the Austrian Government had refused the proposition that Baden should be the place of meeting for the proposed Congress. The French Government is said to have consequently left the choice of the town to Austria, reserving only the condition that it must be in communication with Paris by railroad and telegraph.

The Dresden Journal states that the Five Powers may be regarded as having agreed to the preliminaries of the Congress; that the day of meeting will probably be April 30th, but that the place of meeting remains unsettled.

Austria, in conjunction with Russia, having *formally protested against the admission of Piedmont on any other terms than those allowed to the Italian States*, it has been arranged that Piedmont will not be admitted into the Congress as one of the great Powers, nor will she be admitted at the commencement of the deliberations, nor suffered to take any part in them until called upon to do so.

The preliminary conditions on which Austria insists render it even doubtful whether the Congress will be feasible, *one of the conditions being that Piedmont should disarm, which she positively refuses to do.*

PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Government intended demanding from the Chambers a credit of twelve millions of thalers for increasing the navy and improving the defences of the coasts of the Baltic and of the North Sea.

HONESTY IN FRANCE.—The Paris journals record, as usual, various acts of probity—that is, the deposit with the commisaries of police of money and valuable objects found in the streets—by working men and other persons in humble life. Among the things deposited were: a purse containing 140f. found in the Correfour de la Croix-Rouge; one containing three bank notes found it the Rue de Charonne; one with 508f. in the Rue Louis-le-Grand; a bag with 905f. in the Chaussee d'Antin; two notes of 100f. in the Boulevard Mazas; one of 1,000f. in the Rue Montmartre; and various watches, articles of jewelry, &c.

PROOF POSITIVE.—"Is the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject up before a debating club. Skilton was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him, when ringing the bell he ordered up a glass of hot whiskey punch, and drank it off with great gusto. Then, turning to his opponents, he handed the empty glass to the leading disputant, and then thunde-red out—"Now, sir, smell it!" It is needless to add that Skilton "brought down the house," and carried the decision for the negative.

Another Testimonial to Young Wall.

A Gold Cup from the Catholics of Covington, Kentucky.

We have much pleasure in publishing the following letter, not only for the gratifying information which it contains, but for the sincere and hearty Catholic feeling which it evinces. By this time the Catholics of Covington have heard of the decision of Justice Maine—a decision which has received the reprobation of every honest man and friend of religious rights in the country. Boston has certainly acquired for herself a notorious pre-eminence by her conduct in this case, for it is particularly deserving of notice that while the story of Mortara aroused all the belligerent Protestantism of the city, no indignation meetings were held to protest against the brutal treatment and persecution of a Catholic boy, who, although a child in years, proved himself to be possessed of the spirit of a man.

The testimonial which has been got up by our fellow Catholics of Covington proves that there is a strong bond of unity existing between Catholics, no matter how far apart they may live, and that an outrage committed on the liberties of one is felt by all. But here is the letter itself, which we have no doubt will be perused with interest by all our readers:

COVINGTON, Ky., April 11, 1859.

To the Editor of The Record:

Not with indifference have we in the West received the news and learned the cause of the disturbance lately occasioned in one of the Free Schools in the City of Boston. It would appear that the spot where the natural rights of man in this country were first boldly asserted, is to be the spot where those rights are to be invaded a second time.

But my object in wishing what I write to be transferred to the columns of The Record is not so much to show and give an expression of the abhorrence, universally entertained in the West, of that act which attacks the sacred liberty of this land, as it is our purpose to place upon record the noble conduct of the boy who was the object on whom the disgraceful deed was perpetrated in the *free* City of Boston. It is our purpose to do, and to record an act of honor, to the noble little hero, who, like the brave youths of old Christian Rome in the times of persecutions, valued more the faith of his father and the command of his pastor than he feared the strokes of punishment, might they be ever so severe. He has shown that he is not unworthy of possessing the faith his father taught him to revere. He has presented a high and a noble example; and if it has been given by a boy who is yet so young, it is all the brighter, and more controlling in its influence.

Ireland has ever been distinguished, under all circumstances, for loving and clinging to its faith with a remarkable determination and perseverence; but she stands no longer alone—America has entered the lists to compete for the laurels, and though the rivals are young, they are none the less to be admired and honored.

Those unfriendly and opposed to us would feel disposed, no doubt, to call this the result of ignorance or bigotry, or, perhaps, hatred of American institutions. Indeed, if love and veneration for our holy faith can be called bigotry or the result of ignorance, we must plead guilty of the charge; but if it be said that it is the result of our disapproval or hatred of the institutions of our common country, we repel the odious slander, and are prepared to show, not that we disapprove or violatd the institutions and liberty of our country by adhering with unflinching firmness to our faith and the faith of our ancestors, but that we are but asserting and exercising the rights which our country guarantees to its citizens, against the encroachments of those, whose endeavor, it would appear, is to deprive us not only of those rights, but to wrest from us, if possible, that which is nearest and dearest to our hearts—our aith.

Such noble conduct as that exhibited by the action of this little boy and his faithful comrades we would not have soon to be forgotten; it deserves to be recorded in such a manner as to be remembered and cited as an example worthy of imitation, not only by those who live at the present day, but by those who may come after us.

In view of this, we have observed with satisfaction the conduct and action of the Nativity Sunday School of your city, in getting up and presenting to the brave lad alluded to an appropriate testimonial, which is an evidence as well of their appreciation of his regard for his father's command, as it is of their own faith. For this they merit and receive the warm thanks of every true-hearted Catholic.

But with no less gratification have we witnessed, and now seize this occasion to make known to the numerous readers of The Record the action of the Cathedral School of this city—whose action, I may add, has been the cause of these few remarks—which, to do still higher, because not unmerited, honor to the good little boy, and to commemorate the event, has caused to be made for him a large and beautiful gold cup, with an inscription commemorative of his obedience to the just command of his father and his pastor, and his refusal to do what his conscience and his faith forbade. The gold cup, I believe, will be sent to him forthwith, with an appropriate accompanying letter. The school of the Cathedral congregation certainly should have the grateful thanks and approbation of every Catholic throughout the United States for this liberal and praiseworthy deed. Though these children live far from the home of the boy whom they honor, it has not been too far to extend to him their sympathy for his suffering, and the reward for his perseverance.

J. F. L.

[Advertisement.]

K—nowing people buy their hats at KNOX's.
N—o hat made this season equals his spring style.
O—nly $4 is his charge for his best quality.
X—cellent in material, make and style.
The Knox Hat is the rage.
The KNOX HAT Establishment
is at No 212 Broadway,
Corner of
Fulton Street. 423

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partizan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transaction of the establishment will be conducted on a cash asis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
† JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... ..$3 00
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Price per copy, for six copies or more.... 2 00

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To transient advertisers....12½ cents per line.
To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per line.

No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIRKER,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1859.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS----GENERAL DOUBTS AS TO THEIR RESULTS.

The incident which has lately occurred in one of the public schools of Boston has tended much to excite a general interest in the great social question connected with our present system of public education. But even before that occurrence, the minds of enlightened men, not only of the Catholic but of other religions, had begun to waver in regard to the probable beneficial results of the scheme. They have observed two things—one, that the expense on the citizens are in perpetual increase; and the other, that the progress of crime among the young is in the same ratio. If this theory be true, then it would follow as a necessary consequence that the increase of endowment to the public schools would act as a premium for the increase of crime among their pupils. But in social life logical deductions are so often disturbed by incidental interferences, that it would be too much to make the forgoing assertion in any absolute sense. However, the effects of the increase of taxes for the public schools, and the corresponding increase of crime, principally among the youth of our city who are supposed to have had the benefit of the system, are all on record, or rather not all—the enormous increase of taxes can be well attested, but many of that ruffian horde who deserve to be pilloried in the courts of justice, at least in those of the police, have escaped detection. But still a sufficient number of this class has been detected to show that our public school system is no guarantee against immorality and crime. The records of the city from its establishment will prove that even to the relative proportions of our population at different times, the morals and social and civil order of New York were more dignified, more elevated and more respectable, or rather let us say, less infamous than they are to-day.

Now the public school system is popular, but much less so than it was twenty years ago. It is well known that Catholics, as a portion of the community, have no confidence in it; that after having given it a fair trial they came to the conclusion that it was not a school for the training either of good Catholics or of good citizens. They no doubt came to this conclusion in connection with what might be called their particular creed, or in the popular use of the word, their sectarian feelings; but they have entered, and perhaps more deeply, into the question, than this statement would give them credit for having done. Nearly all history belongs to their Church. The Church which, in her divine wisdom, has always labored to elevate humanity as well as to promote religion and the eternal interests of the human soul, is their polar star. That never sets, and their eyes are perpetually directed to it in cases of infidelity or human experiment. They have probably, on this account, made up their minds that the teaching of children was intended by God to be the honor, as well as the burden of their own parents. So their Church has always taught.

Now this education may be accomplished in two ways—one by themselves, when they are able to fulfil its duties; another by persons employed as their immediate representatives for the same purpose. They understand, on the other hand, and hold as sacred the supreme authority of the civil State within its legitimate limits. Their fidelity to the State is unquestioned, for it is a principle of their religion to recognize civil authority. Neither would they dispute that the State might make provision to aid the parent, or rather all parents in common, on equal terms, in the education of their children if the people of a country were all of the same creed. If, on the other hand, the government of a country should have a national religion, it would be but natural that that government should aid in training youth in the legally established doctrines. This is the case in many countries at the present day. In Italy there are few that are not Catholics, and this few only temporary visiters. There the question of education furnishes no difficulty; it is in harmony with the government, for the same people are at once Catholics in religion and subjects in the civil State. The same idea predominates more or less in France, which is also Catholic, not so much by the tone of its government as by the predominant sentiment of its people. In Austria, which is also Catholic, there is a large recognition of other religions, and provision is made in the State schools according to their diversity. The same may be said of Protestant Prussia, in which, in like manner, the public school system takes care to protect the consciences of Catholics and other dissenters from the exactings of the State religion.

As regards the more intolerant States of Protestantism, such as Sweden, Denmark, and, if we can add, Norway, there is no recognition or tolerance for Catholics whatever. Even in England, with its high, proud, aristocratic, national church, provision has been made everywhere for the rights of conscience in the public schools in favor of dissenters from the establishment. In Catholic Ireland the principle is recognized, although it is not in all cases fairly carried out; but in Protestant England the Catholics are permitted to have their own schools and a public officer is appointed to examine the competency of their teachers and report to the government. In both countries, however, Catholic children and dissenters of every name are entitled to, and do receive, a *pro rata* from the public funds of the taxes which they contribute to support the system.

This would seem to be fair, and looking around among the civilized nations of the earth there is not one to be found that has ever sanctioned the principle of ignoring all religion in the public schools except the United States. Here it was an experiment. It was supposed to harmonize with the genius of the country, which in its circumstances very properly refused to acknowledge by law any creed or sect as national or predominant. The idea was, that the children of the republic should be brought up in such a mingled harmony of good feeling among themselves and of disregard of any religious training, that if they obtained a good secular education the republic might look upon them as children of mere knowledge, and, therefore, virtuous and patriotic. But all experience has hitherto proved, and our own is likely to confirm the remark, that knowledge without virtue is an instrument of vice—that virtue is the result of conscience—that conscience must be formed not on secular knowledge but on religious conviction—that religious conviction must be the work of early training; and although even those who are virtuously and religiously brought up may sometimes err, still the republic has a guarantee that is not sufficiently appreciated in the convictions of their own conscience. The worst form of the Christian religion is better than either infidelity or absolute indifference, for both infidelity and indifference, if they become general, would lead us back into a condition worse than that of the Pagans.

But abstract reasoning, on this point, is not much to the purpose. This we know, however, that the taxes for popular education are increasing from day to day, and that the crimes, especially of a great city like New York, resulting from the misconduct of those who were, or should have been trained in this system of education so liberally provided for, are increasing quite as much as the taxes.

We have seen in a cotemporary of late that the Catholics most opposed to this system of public education have had traced to their own doors many of the wretched criminals who have figured in the courts of justice. And this is employed as a set-off to their complaints against the public school. On the contrary, it is the strongest evidence of their solid reasons for that opposition, as many of them have been the pupils of the public schools, and there learned to despise religion and to hold parental authority in disregard. There they learn, in the process of their education, that sectarianism is not lawful, and that doctrine is entirely in harmony with the natural tendency of youth exposed as they are to indifference and vice, neglect of religious duty and contempt of authority of every kind, except perhaps that of the officers of the civil law. When men come to have no fear before the eye of their conscience, except of the civil officer, whose duty it is to execute the public statutes, then a state may tremble.

Another view of this case, however, is, that some of these wretched young men who have figured in our police courts, never did attend the public schools, inasmuch as their parents had no confidence in the system. The inference from this hypothesis would be that it is not the fault of the public schools but the fault of the parents in not giving a more cordial sanction to their spirit and administration. We demur on this point. The public schools must be a failure whenever they cannot acquire the general confidence of parents.

We are not prepared at this moment to suggest a remedy, but it is not difficult to conceive one that might be valuable and meet at least this feature of objection to our present school system. The State taxes the parents for its support. The State usurps to itself the right of determining what is, in the natural order and in the civil law of all countries except our own, the divine privilege of parents in regard to their own offspring. The State takes bread from these parents and in some instances offers in return to their children a stone; and if the parents refuse their confidence to such a system, and the children are neglected in consequence, both by their parents and by the public schools, it is manifest that the fault is with the system of public education, because no law, human or divine, can ever emancipate parents from the obligation to train their children with a view both to their life in this world and to the life to come. It is a fallacy, therefore, to throw back on Catholics the reproach that many of those who have been distinguished for their immoralities and irregularities, claim to belong to that religion. It is essentially a reproach to the public school system, that is on the supposition that its training would have made them better citizens, which, however, is far from being admitted. Indeed it would be absurd to expect that our public school system, as at present organized, could send back to the State virtuous citizens, if it be admitted that virtue must be based upon religion, which, as we know, the public schools ignore. The high officers of that institution among us are guided by the law. The teachers are guided by their officers and representatives of the law and their superiors, on whose good will depends their daily bread. During the school hours they discharge their duties, no doubt, according to their understanding of them, but for teachers of youth the rules of a counting-house are not the best for training up a virtuous generation. The teachers earn their wages and there is an end of it, so far as they are concerned.

As to the general effect of the system there has been evidence of dissatisfaction from some of the most eminent Protestant divines in our city. Nay, grave and sensible men who have lived long in this community and are deeply interested in its welfare, have had their confidence in its success shaken, and begin to waver in regard to what was a favorite idea and a hasty approval of the system in former times. Perhaps the pressure on their purse may have something to do with this, but at all events it is quite certain that there is a general feeling of distrust in regard to our present system of State education.

It appears to us that wise and patriotic statesmen, having this subject more or less under their control, might devise some means calculated on the one hand to increase public confidence in its management, and on the other to diminish the public taxes for its support.

OUR ORPHAN ASYLUMS.

A collection will be taken up in all the churches of the city for the benefit of these Institutions. As these collections form a very considerable portion of the revenue of our Orphan Asylums, it is evident that they are to a great extent dependent upon the contributions of our people. The number of children of both sexes who are supported therein is about eight hundred, all of whom are under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. It is our intention hereafter to make the public better acquainted with the character of these Institutions, and to show as far as lies in our power the great amount of good which is accomplished through their instrumentality. Catholics should remember that every orphan which they are able to maintain is one Catholic child removed from the proselytising influence of that class who are always on the alert with their charitable services when through such means a poor child is to be led astray from the faith of its parents.

We have said that there are about eight hundred children in our Orphan Asylums,

and the amount required for the support of these is from forty-five to fifty thousand dollars a year. Thus, under the management of the Sisters, the expense of the maintenance of each child is little more than a dollar a week, for clothing, food, education, medical treatment, and whatever else may be required. We need not tell our Catholic readers, nor indeed is it necessary to inform our readers of other denominations, that it costs nothing for the care, the education, and the religious training of these children, for the Good Sisters are influenced in their care of them by higher and purer motives than those which spring from worldly or mere pecuniary considerations. It is their pleasing task to make of them not only good Catholics but honest and upright members of society, and the more effectually to secure this desirable object, they imbue their young minds with the vital truths and principles of their religion.

Such institutions as these are a blessing to society, when viewed not only in the light of religion, but in the influence which they exert in their own for the maintenance of social order and the well-being of the community in which they may be established. Every child which they are able to receive is one member saved to society by being saved from falling under those influences and into those associations which fill our prisons with criminals. And here we may say that the two asylums could accommodate still more than is now under the charge of the Sisters, who are unable on account of their limited means to increase the number at present. It remains to be seen whether they will receive sufficient assistance on Easter Sunday to enable them to do this, and it may be well in this connection to repeat what we have already said, that every orphan which the Sisters are able to maintain is one Catholic child removed from proselytizing influences.

MORAL PLAGUE SPOTS OF THE METROPOLIS.

It would be a tedious task to enumerate the various nuisances and evils that are not only tolerated in the city of New York, but that are absolutely encouraged, if not by the actual consent of the public authorities, at least by the indifference which they generally manifest towards them. Everybody who has lived for any time in our metropolis, knows what a Peter Funk is, and many who have visited New York from the rural districts, have had rather an intimate, than an agreeable, acquaintance with him. In fact, the well-dressed, genteel-looking character who is so well known to our Police, and whose courteous and agreeable manners are so calculated to impose upon those who are strangers to the *Chevaliers d'Industrie* of city life, has become an institution in New York, and, it would seem, an indispensable one, for, despite all the attempts which have been made to break up the various mock auction establishments, they hold their ground with a terrible tenacity. In fact, to use the hackneyed quotation, it would seem that "they are not for a day, but for all time." It would be an interesting matter in the statistics of New York, to learn how many firms for the sale of gilt brass watches and bogus jewelry are to be found in the city, and how many of this class of auctioneers derive a subsistence from them. We believe the police have never yet entered into the minutiæ of this peculiar business, nor are we aware that the number is to be found in any of the business directories heretofore published. On some three or four occasions within the last ten or fifteen years, a desperate war was waged between various Mayors and the Peter Funks, but it always ended in the success of the latter, who, although driven from their posts for the time being, yet returned again, and sometimes in greater force than ever. They are now doing a thriving business, and are always ready to drive a lucrative bargain with any gentleman from the country who is under the impression that gold watches are to be had in New York for any price, from ten to twenty dollars.

Among the pests of society, we certainly should not forget the fortune tellers, of whom there are a very considerable number in the metropolis. Of these it is sufficient to say that they are always ready to predict the most agreeable fortune for twenty-five or fifty cents; but there are some we understand, who will not raise the curtain and give you a peep into futurity for less than a dollar. They also profess to have a knowlege of the whereabouts of stolen property, which is not at all improbable, when we consider the associations to which they belong and the character of their occupation. To those who are silly enough to be duped by their absurd pretensions to fore-knowledge, the law affords no protection, or if it takes cognizance of the swindling of which they are made the victims, the authorities never proceed against them, except it may be in some extreme case. There is no means of knowing the exact number of fortune tellers there are in the city, but we believe there are at least a dozen, some of whom advertise their business in the morning papers, occasionally under the head of amusements, and sometimes in the same column with notices of lectures, sporting announcements, and other things equally incongruous. We should not forget to state that they, too, have had more than one contest with our Mayors, and some of our city authorities, but the result has always been in their favor, although they were at times hard pressed. They are now, it would appear, undisputed mistresses of the field, and tell fortunes and swindle all who will trust them at the prices we have already stated. There is one fact which should not be forgotten in connection with this class of harpies—that no small share of the immorality and crime with which New York is afflicted is directly attributable not only to the evil influence which they possess, but to the criminal associations which they foster and encourage.

One of the worst and most demoralizing of all the social vices that seem to be indissolubly connected with life in the metropolis is that of gambling, which is extensively carried on through the agency of the numerous policy offices, of which it is said at least one is to be found in each street. Now there are rumors that the business of these is carried on not only with the knowledge of the police but that they levy a sort of black mail upon them, as they do upon other establishments which society professes to hold in abhorrence, but which many of the individual members of that same society contribute so much to support. By the way, has any one ever made a calculation of the number of hospitals, asylums and charitable institutions the money that is thus gambled away or spent in sinful pleasures would maintain? Here is a subject for the consideration of the political economist and the philanthropist. We have arithmeticians among us who can tell you to a nicety how much it should cost to support each of the inmates of a charitable institution, but who have never been able to estimate the expense to society of the pests by which it is afflicted, and which are like so many plague spots in their destructive effects. Apart from the principle of morality involved in the matter, people never think of the deception that is practiced upon them, and that the money which is staked by them on what they suppose is a chance, is on a certainty—that is, the certainty of their losing, and of its going into the pocket of the keeper of the policy office.

There are other pests of society to which we might allude had we the space, but those we have mentioned will do for the present. What we have said in regard to them will not we hope be without its beneficial effects upon those of our country readers who, having read our remarks, may at some future day visit the great metropolis. Our friends in the rural districts must not forget that there is quite a large number of sharpers in New York who live upon their wits, which means simply nothing more nor less than that they live upon the want of wit in others.

THE WANT OF HEALTHFUL RECREATION FOR YOUTH, AND ITS EFFECTS.

It has been a subject of frequent remark that the American people are rapidly becoming degenerate, and that were it not for the periodical infusion of European blood they must wear out and eventually become extinct. Now, while we are not willing to give our assent to this remark, it must be acknowledged that our people are not possessed of the same vigorous, robust health that we see in the nations of every country in Europe. And there is a very good reason for this—a reason which we need not go far to find. We do not intend to say anything in reference to the reckless disregard for health which is exhibited by the "better half" of our population—they have been made the subject of an abundance of scientific essays already—so scientific, indeed, that they have had no effect upon those whom they were intended to benefit, for the reason that they were generally too long to read, and too prosy to be interesting. We do not propose therefore to say anything on a matter about which so much has been said before and to no purpose. What we desire especially to refer to is intended for the younger portion of our population—that portion which is known by the title of Young America, whose go-aheaditiveness is the theme of never ceasing admiration, and whose precocity is regarded as something of which we should be particularly proud. We know it will shock the feelings of some people when we say there is much of this admiration we do not share, and we will go further, and add that we wish our youth had less precocity, and were more like children than they really are. Boys, we are told, will be boys, but the great difficulty with us is that boys will be men. They will not even wait till they arrive at man's estate before they must lay claim to all the privileges which are supposed to belong to that blissful period. Our boys learn to smoke cigars at ten years old, to chew tobacco at the same age, and in many cases they become rampant politicians when they are yet a long way off from the possession of the great privilege of American citizenship—the right to vote for men of whom they have, perhaps, never before heard, and the knowledge of whose qualifications, no matter what their character, is generally confined to the select few by whom they are nominated. The fact is, our youth know too much, and it would, perhaps, be better for the manhood of the country if they knew less, and limited their ambition to marbles, kite flying, tops, and other boyish amusements, instead of extending it to the acquisition of habits that at any age might, perhaps, be better dispensed with. They have hardly time to become boys before they have learned all those qualities and accomplishments which are considered by some to be the necessary and distinctive marks of the full fledged man. They certainly display a remarkable aptitude for business, and there are many instances in this city of boys of fifteen and sixteen years of age occupying important positions of trust in commercial and mercantile establishments. The business community, however, might well spare them, and we believe the sound common sense of the public would be better pleased to see them act more like boys and less like men. It is this youthful precocity which finds its worst and most fearful development in the rowdyism that has disgraced our city, and makes a mockery of both law and justice. We don't believe in juvenile precocity; for our own part, we would prefer to see our youth continue in their childish simplicity and ignorance of the ways of the world till they are pretty well advanced towards the age of manhood. There is certainly something wrong in the body politic when boys cease to be boys at the age of ten or twelve, and take upon themselves the bearing and pretensions of men. How can we expect to have a vigorous race when our youth despise the healthy and innocent recreation which does so much towards the development of the physical powers, and which is certainly not without its beneficial effect on the mental.

THE PERILS OF TRAVEL AND INDIFFERENCE TO THE VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE.

The reckless disregard for life which is exhibited in the number of so-called accidents that occur in the United States has obtained for us a most unenviable reputation among the nations of the Old World. In England no account is too exaggerated for popular belief, and although it is but a few years since Mr. Arrowsmith published his narrative of thrilling adventures upon one of our southern railways, they would swallow just as extravagant a *canard* again without the slightest derangement of their mental digestion. Living in the midst of accidents of every kind—steamboat explosions, house burnings, and a long list of like disasters, the feelings of our people have become blunted on the subject, and it is only when a casualty of an appaling character occurs that we wake up to a sense of the utter disregard which is shown for the value of human life. As for deaths caused by burns from camphene, clothes taking fire and other results of carelessness we take no note of them at all, except it may be that our attention is attracted by an unusual number in the morning papers. There is certainly no country in Christendom where so many deaths occur from accidental causes as in our own—and we have never lost the conspicuous place to which we have attained in this particular. Our railroads have established their pre-eminence in a remarkable degree over those of other countries, so far as regards the per centage of deaths from accidents in proportion to the amount of travel which passes over them. We learn from statistics recently published on the subject that, while the risk to each passenger of being killed in going one mile by railroad in France was one in one hundred million, and by railroad in England one in sixty-five million, three hundred and sixty-four thousand, the proportion in New York alone was one in forty-seven millions one hundred and sixty-four thousand.

But it is not alone in the frequency of railroad and other accidents that we show our disregard for human life: the indifference is manifested no less in the number of murders that are committed. This feeling, or rather want of feeling, is exhibited even in children, as appears from reports made recently by the police, in one of which there was an account of a stabbing case, in which a boy about thirteen years old had stabbed another who was but two years his junior, the weapon used being a shoemaker's knife. Is it wrong to attribute this reckless disregard of human life to a lack of morality? Is it wrong to say if there were more morality in the community the obligations imposed by its laws would be better observed?

Easter Hymn.

BY MRS. JOHN H. UHL.

Written for The Metropolitan Record.

The glorious dawning of the feast of gladness,
Now breaks effulgent o'er the watching earth,
Hushed is the Miserere's wailing sadness,
For music's self shall own a second birth.
From the High Altar, clustered radiance streaming,
Lights up each shrine, with floral wealth elate,
Christ's chosen band, in festal garments gleaming,
His Church's sacred bridal celebrate.

Hark! how the leaping waves of praises choral,
Each crested with the organ's crisp accord,
Meet in mid aisle, still waves of incense floral,
And break in "Glorias" mounting heavenward.
The censor's breath dispenses Orient sweetness,
Born of the land His sacred feet first trod—
Prayer's glowing wing mounts up with panting fleetness
Straight to the day-spring of the risen God.

All nature through her vernal pulses thrilling,
Obeys the influence, wonderous and sweet,
Her thousand urns with fragrance she is filling
To pour out freely at her Master's feet.
Her myriad choir, its hallelujahs blending
Swells the glad anthem of our human praise,
While o'er fair skies her April rainbows bending,
Lead the exultant soul through angel ways.

Skeptic! with arid heart and soulless dreaming,
Discerning Pagan Eld in Christian Youth,
Who seest in sacred signs but idle seeming;
Come! bathe thee in this Eastern font of truth.
Lo! the scales falling from thy world-wise vision,
No more with level glance mock holy things,
Know! where thou gazest in thy blind derision,
The eyes of Seraphs droop beneath their wings.

Fair Grecian Myth, dark Egypt's mystic fable,
Wierd India's lore, the Runic Sagas wild,
The blood-traced creed on Druid's stony table,
'Neath the pure eyes of Nazareth's Holy child,
Vanished, as troubled visions of the sleeper
Pale at the piercing lance of morning's light,—
As Fall grain owns the sickle of the reaper—
Their work was done—their wages—endless night.

So through the dim perspective of the ages,
Gleam ruined fanes of many a worn-out creed,
While echoes from their priesthood, seers or sages,
But tell how vague their trust, how vast their need.
The "unknown God" their groping soul still seeking,
Through sensuous forms, or cold philosophy,
With blood of sacrifice their altars reeking,
Their hands stretched blindly for their Calvary.

For them no Easter sun rose calm and glorious,
Crowning the Earth's sweet vernal flush and prime;
Death reigned for them, a monarch all victorious,
Eternüy wore swaddling clothes of Time!
The folded germ, the Psyche's struggling pinion;
Vague symbols! faintly glimmering through the gloom—
His footsteps had not trod the Dark Dominion,
He had not risen to unseal the Tomb.

The day is mounting to its noontide splendor,
Through storied panes the zenith radiance falls,
The hushed air pulsates with a glow more tender,
The bell's deep voice the expectant spirit calls.
Our lips are mute before the Awful Presence,
Clothed o'er with light no mortal gaze can bear,
Our souls athirst, drink in the heavenly essence,
While griefs and sins go out in voiceless prayer.

Now with unburthened hearts and brows uplifted,
With reverent steps we seek the altar's rail,
To our rapt gaze the fretted arch is rifted,
And earthward floats the Cherubim's "All Hail!"
Dim grow the flower-wreathed shrine, the stately column,
Scroll-like, these temple walls are backward furled,
The Agnus! hark! from angel harps how solemn!
Oh, Lamb of God! who ransomest the world!

"Stabat Mater."

Sublimest anguish! grand and pale,
The Mother by the Cross!
She doth not shriek in woman's woe,
Nor up her fair hands toss.
The regnant soul supremely sways
The form that it doth wear,
Although the dew of agony
Is heavy on her hair.

Yet keen and fierce the trial comes,
No dull benumbing pain,
She feels the sword she may not shun
Pierce cold to heart and brain.
But sweet through all their anguish still
The parted lips but say,
"Is there a sorrow like to mine,"
"Look you who pass the way."

Well may they look, "who pass the way,"
The tribes and tongues of Earth,
With human passion, human pain,
Still struggling from their birth,
Before this one unmeasured woe,
How small and light appears
Each little grief we wail above,
The weakness of our tears.

How mean their vaunted courage all,
Who, weary with the strife,
Have cast themselves despairing, from
The rugged cliffs of life.
Before her grandeur in that hour
How lurid is the glow,
Of all the greatness that we crown,
With earthly pomp below.

The kings and victors of the Earth
With trophy and with spear,
Their songs of triumph pealing o'er
The carnage and the bier!
How base the aims that lure us on,
Through all our fleeting hours,—
The idols formed of sordid clay
We cover with our flowers.

But oh! how many sinking souls
Her tender words have smote,
When in the tempest, blind and lost,
Swept down their little boat,
Have saved! while ringing in their ears
The rushing waters sweep,
That bear them on their torrent black
To ruin's waiting deep.

And mother; here hath woman's soul
Found courage still and calm;
Here, cast before thy gentle feet,
A freshness and a balm,
Have o'er her troubled spirit stole
Exalted, and sustained!
Until, in holy faith and love,
She lost the grief that pained. ENUL.

LITERATURE.

LIFE OF ST. ANGELA MERICI OF BRESCIA, FOUNDRESS OF THE ORDER OF ST. URSULA. By the Abbe Parenty, Canon of Arras, Member of the Society of Antiquaries of La Morinie. With an account of the Order in Ireland, Canada and the United States, by John Gilmary Shea. Published with the approbation of the Right Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham.

In this excellent life of St. Angela is laid before us the germ of the illustrious order of the Ursulines, an Order to which the world is largely indebted for its devotion to the cause of education. Nothing is so important to the interests of society as the religious education of females, for they, as mothers, or nurses, or teachers, have charge of children of both sexes while the mind is sufficiently plastic to be moulded by a forming hand to any shape. Is it not while the character and habits are unformed, the feelings undisciplined, and the mind and principles undeveloped, that there is need of careful training? Surely it is, for at that period might be effected with facility what would require great labor at a later date. It is easier to mould clay than to cut marble. Now the youthful mind, before the indurating effect of time and habit has begun to tell upon it, is as plastic as clay, and therefore liable to be fashioned into any form—to be made a "vessel of wrath or a vessel of election." In view of this, may we not say that the character of woman exerts a marked influence on the character of the community. There never was an example—history does not record one solitary instance, in which feminine degradation did not precede national debasement. What nobler task, then, is there for a human soul, what more acceptable to heaven, than that imposed by Saint Angela on the members of her community. Convinced that it depended on women to impart a healthy moral tone to society, that her education and early training was of paramount importance, she founded her Order for that special object, and so thoroughly was it adopted for the intended purpose, that in a short time it spread over Italy, France and Spain. At present the Ursulines have establishments not only in Europe, but in Canada, Cuba and the United States. It was a Convent of this Order that was destroyed in Charleston by Massachusetts fanatics twenty-five years ago, the blackened ruins of which remain a standing monument of the enlightened liberality of New England.

Not the least interesting part of the work is the account of the Ursulines in Ireland, Canada and the United States, which forms an appropriate pendant to the life of the Saint, and gives the reader a clear idea of the present condition of the Order, particularly on this continent.

ST. JOHN'S MANUAL: A Guide to the Public Worship and Services of the Catholic Church, and a Collection of Devotions for the Private use of the Faithful. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother, (James B. Kirker.)

A complete and beautiful prayer-book, containing the most approved devotions and exercises for every condition in life and change of circumstance, with comprehensive explanations of the different ceremonies of the Church, and valuable instructions regarding her sacraments and doctrines. When we say that the work is approved by nineteen bishops of the Church in America, and by them cordially commended to the faithful as a judious selection, well calculated to stimulate piety and promote Catholic devotion, it is unnecessary to add one word of praise as to the character of the contents. But it is different in reference to the amount of matter it contains and the manner in which the work is got up. The paper is excellent, and the engravings, which are from original designs by Muller of Dusseldorf, are very beautiful. They illustrate the Sacraments and Rites of the Church, and are so appropriate and expressive, that even those ignorant of the language would have no difficulty in knowing the subject for which they were designed. St. John's Manual contains twelve hundred pages of clearly printed matter, and, in addition to its devotional exercises and doctrinal instructions, includes the Office of Holy Week, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, of the Immaculate Conception, and of the Dead. In order to place this invaluable compendium within the reach of all, the publisher has issued different styles varying in price from $1 to $25, but all containing the same amount of reading matter. We must not omit all mention of the binding which is got up in admirable style in Morocco and velvet, nor the decorations which have attained the dignity of an art. In fact all the resources of artistic taste and practised skill have been lavished on this edition, and the result is what might have been expected from such a rare combination. Painting, too, has contributed to enhance its value, for the covers are adorned with copies of Raphael's Madonna, executed with consummate delicacy and exquisite finish on shell or ivory. The clasps, too, some gold, some silver, some light as fillagree work, others massive and antique, deserve mention, as we have no doubt they will attract attention.

REPORT OF THE TRIAL OF McLAURIN F. COOKE, submaster of the Eliot School of the city of Boston, for an Assault and Battery upon Thomas J. Wall, a pupil of that school, with the arguments of counsel and the opinion of the court in full. Carefully revised and corrected. Boston: A. M. Lawrence & Co.

We are indebted to Mr. P. Donahoe of Boston for a copy of this report, which we are glad to see has been put in a more permanent and complete form than it appeared in the daily papers. It will be a curious document to refer to some years hence, when it is to be hoped Boston will have got the better of the old persecuting spirit which her people have inherited, among some other objectionable traits, from their Puritan forefathers. It affords a sad commentary on the character of justice as it is administered by a Boston Judge, at the same time that it is a lasting record of the heroism of a manly little fellow who could not be tortured into compliance with an unjust and tyrannical demand.

THE LIFE OF THE BLESSED MARY ANN OF JESUS, DE PAREDES Y FLORES, AN AMERICAN VIRGIN CALLED THE LILY OF QUITO. By Father Joseph Boero, S. J. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham.

A life of one of those extraordinary servants of God whose austerities and mortifications appear incredible to the tepid and self-indulgent Christian.

THE LIFE OF SAINT ROSE OF LIMA. Edited by the Rev. F. W. Faber, D. D. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham.

The brightest ornament of the Church in America, is the expression of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia, referring to St. Rose.

CALIFORNIA INTELLIGENCE.

THE HOSTILE FEELING TOWARDS THE CHINESE INCREASING.—We learn by the late arrival from California that the great increase in the number of Chinese emigrants causes considerable uneasiness in that State. It appears that some wealthy Chinese companies bring over numbers of their poorer countrymen as slaves and crowd them into the mines to the almost total exclusion of white miners. This has created a feeling of intense dislike towards them, which requires all the watchful care of the authorities to repress lest it should result in a hostile demonstration. There has been one attempt already to expell them by force but the rioters were put down. A bill has been introduced in the Assembly, which, if it become law, will have, it is presumed, a tendency to discourage Chinese emigration. It is to the effect "any contract entered into in any foreign country for the importation of any person of the Mongolian race into California, for the purpose of employing such person in any capacity whatever, is null and void." Another section declares that any person importing a Mongolian into "the State of California under contract to work the same," shall be punished with fine and imprisonment. It also enacts that no Mongolian shall be competent to give testimony in any of these cases. There are some who take another and a different view of the affair and assert that the Chinese emigrant is rather a benefit to the country than otherwise.

Dr. Wozencraft, who has travelled extensively throughout the interior of California, states that he has seen in a secluded portion of Shasta county a burning mountain, which a distant inspection and the circumstances attending the spectacle which he witnessed, confirms him in the opinion that the flames proceeded from an active volcano. The fire was seen from various positions, and in every instance had the same appearance. A hunter in those regions has since corroborated the fact of there being an active volcano.

ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A BEAR AND A WALRUS.—The bears, when hungry, seem always on the watch for animals sleeping upon the ice, and endeavor, by stratagem, to approach them unobserved, for on the smallest disturbance, the animals dart through holes in the ice, which they always take care to be near, and thus evade pursuit. One sunshiny day, a walrus of nine or ten feet in length rose in a pool of water not very far from us, and after looking around, drew his greasy carcase upon the ice, where he rolled about for a time, and at length laid himself down to sleep. A bear which had probably been observing his movements, crawled carefully upon the ice to the opposite side of the pool, and began to roll about also, but apparently more with design than amusement as he progressively lessened the distance that intervened between him and his prey. The walrus, suspicious of his advances, drew himself up, preparatory to a precipitate retreat into the water, in case o a nearer acquaintance with the playful but treacherous visitor; on which the bear was instantly motionless, as if in the act of sleep; but after a time began to lick his paws, and clean himself, and occasionally to encroach a little more upon his intended prey. But even this artifice did not succeed; the wary walrus was far too cunning to allow himself to be entrapped, and suddenly plunged into the pool; which the bear no sooner observed than he threw off all disguise, rushed toward the spot, and followed him in an instant into the water, where I fear he was disappointed of his meal.

FRUIT GARDENING.—Fruit gardening in California is conducted on a large scale. An official report states that a market gardener near Sacramento has fruit-trees as follows: Pear, 13,000, in 180 varieties; apple, 15,000, in 160 varieties; 12,000 cherry, in 80 varieties; 17,000 peach, 60 varieties; 5,000 plum, 70 varieties; 35,000 nectarine, 20 varieties; 5,000 apricot, 15 varieties; 2,000 almond, two varieties; 10,000 grape, 60 varieties; 1,500 gooseberries, 20 varieties; 2,000 currant, six varieties; 8,000 raspberry, six varieties; together with a large amount and variety of strawberries, mulberries, figs, pomegranates, &c.

HOW TO SILVER SILK, WOOD, BONE, &c.—The following process is recommended for covering silk, wood, bone, porcelain, &c., with a coating of silver. In the case of silk, let the piece be well washed, and then dipped for an instant into a saturated solution of gallic acid; immediately afterwards dip it into a solution of 20 parts of nitrate of silver and 1,000 parts of distilled water. These immersions are continued alternately, until the piece acquires a brilliant surface. It is then put into a mixture of the following two liquids, previously prepared separately:—No. 1. Two parts of quicklime, five of sugar of milk, two of gallic acid; dissolve in 650 parts of gallic acid, and filter the liquid, protecting it as much as possible from the action of atmospheric air. No. 2. Dissolve 20 parts of nitrate of silver in 20 parts of ammonia, and then add 650 parts of distilled water. When the piece of silk has remained long enough in the mixture of these two liquids to be well silvered over, boil it in a solution of potash, then wash in water, and leave it to dry. In the case of wood, paper, horn, bone, &c., the different liquids may be alternately laid on with a brush. For leather, substitute the chloride of silver for the nitrate, and mix it with a few drops of rosemary oil. Stucco and pottery must be first varnished before subjecting them to the above process. Glass and porcelain must first be rinsed with alcohol and distilled water, and then put into the mixture. Mirrors may be silvered in this way.

ITALY, AND HER SERVICES TO CIVILIZATION.—The Paris Siecle recapitulates the services rendered by Italy of old to civilization:—"Italy, if called upon to enumerate the services she has rendered to humanity, could boldly ascend the capitol of nations and proclaim to them—On such a day I rescued you from ignorance and barbarism; I gave you the compass; I gave you America. From me you received Raphael and Galileo. You are indebted to me for physical science, for anatomy, for the fine arts, for engraving, and for magnificent inventions. Examine well each step you have made towards civilization, and you will find the impulsion was given in Italy. In our opinion these services have their merit.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS OF OUR METROPOLIS.

St. Vincent's Hospital in West Eleventh-St., under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

In our last number we endeavored to give our readers an account of the establishment and practical character of this praiseworthy Institution, and also to present a brief sketch of its progress from its organization to the present time. St. Vincent's Hospital is, however, already well known to the community, for the knowledge of the practical good which is accomplished through its agency is not confined to Catholics. Among those who contributed to swell the receipts of the great Fair which was given two or three years ago at the Crystal Palace for its benefit, a large number were members of different Protestant denominations, and it is but justice to add that many of these took an active part in urging the enterprize forward to a successful result. Rightly regarding the object as wholly charitable in its character, they enlisted their energies earnestly in its behalf, and we recollect seeing some who had obtained quite a publicity on account of their profession of Know Nothingism actua'ly assisting in the sale of the articles on exhibition. When another Fair is got up for the benefit of the Sisters we trust that these gentlemen will not be wanting in the same kind services, and that they will lend their valuable aid in promoting its success. But we have been partly led away by this digression from the purpose with which we entered upon this article, and which is, to give our readers an insight into the Hospital itself and to explain the details of its management.

The institution is under the superintendence of Rev. Mother Jerome, who has kindly put us in possession of the information already published, and to whom we are also indebted for the knowledge which we obtained from observation during a visit, and of which we now propose to speak. The building is in a retired thoroughfare and presents a conspicuous and pleasing appearance in that locality. Passing up an unusually high flight of stone steps to the front entrance, you ring the bell and the door is immediately opened by a little girl, one of the large number of orphans who are supported in another institution by the Sisters of Charity. The young portteress ushers you into a parlor and informs the Reverend Mother, who is almost immediately after in attendance. On the occasion of our visit we were conducted through all the departments of the Institution, which we may here say is always open to the inspection of visitors within proper hours. Commencing with the first or basement story, and passing through all the apartments we were informed in regard to the various uses of each, and had an opportunity of witnessing the admirable order which prevails throughout the whole institution, and which is the marked characteristic of all the institutions under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

The basement story is divided into four apartments, of which two are refectories and two kitchens. On the floor above this are the reception parlors and that most essential portion of the hospital, the dispensary. Over the door of this department is the inscription, "St. Luke," the title by which it is known, each room in the building being distinguished from the rest by the name of some particular Saint. Thus we have St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. John and others, so that while the idea of perfect order is practically illustrated in this way, the inmates have constantly before their eyes the names of these holy servants of God. There are two Sisters whose special duty it is to take charge of the dispensary, and as they are required to make up the prescriptions, it is essential that they should be acquainted with the quality and nature of each. To qualify themselves, therefore, for such a responsible position, they go through a regular course of study, and make themselves familiar with all the minutiæ of the Pharmacopœia before they enter upon the performance of their duties. The dispensary itself is the very perfection of neatness and order, and is well filled with the various drugs and ingredients required in the treatment of the sick. The prescriptions, as they are given out by the Sister in attendance, are entered upon the book in regular form, with the name of the patient for whom they are prescribed, and the directions to be followed. In the event of their serqices being required in the night time, the Sisters always sleep in an apartment convenient to the dispensary.

On this floor is the House Physician and Surgeon's office, which is characterized by the same order and neatness that prevails over the whole building, and which is embellished with a picture of St. Thomas clothing the naked.

The two floors above this are taken up with the wards for the patients and private apartments, where those who desire it may be as secluded as they would be in a private house and perhaps more so. The wards differ in no material respect from those of other hospitals, if we except the difference which is made by the fact that in this institution charity is the ruling motive, while, although it may enter to some extent into the management of hospitals under purely secular care and treatment, yet it is considerably, and sometimes greatly diluted with other considerations. Here in these wards, with the sick and the dying, the good Sisters who are appointed to this department in the division of labor, in which all bear a part, spend the greater part of their time attending to the wants of the poor patients. And a sad scene it presents—a scene, however, that with all its sadness and all its painful features, repulsive perhaps to those who are unable to see anything beyond the mere worldly aspects it presents—is yet suggestive of other things that throw over it even a halo of light. We have all heard of Florence Nightingale and of her devotion to the wounded soldiers in the Crimea; but who knows even the names of the good and noble Sisters who devote not a year but a lifetime to the care of those who are stricken down by the breath of disease—those good Sisters whose courage never wearies, and whose devotion never fails. They hear nothing of the world's applause, they do not seek it, and if the faint echoes of it reaches them in their seclusion, they only value it as a probable indication that increased means of doing good will be placed in their possession.

National Academy of Design.

Twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition.

We have already, in a former number of THE RECORD, announced the opening of the twenty-fourth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, and in accordance with our intention then, we propose to say something in regard to a few of the paintings among the collection. From the catalogue we learn that there are over eight hundred of all kinds, good, bad and indifferent, and from what we saw we believe the majority are above mediocrity, while a large number are excellent, and a very considerable portion exhibit a high order of artistic talent and genius. We have said that there are some which are bad, and, we might add, so bad that they are hardly entitled to a place among the collection, taking up, as they do, the space that might be given to works of undoubted merit. Cabinet pictures of *genre* subjects are more numerous than heretore, and we are glad to see an increase this year among the figure paintings, as there was quite a surfeit of portraits and landscapes at former exhibitions. This is an improvement which deserves notice, and we therefore take pleasure in calling attention to it. Though some of the pictures are not hung with that discrimination which we could wish to have seen, yet the artists, we believe, are better satisfied with the manner in which the "hanging committee" have discharged their duty in this respect than they were at former exhibitions.

Among the artists who have contributed to the collection is Church, the painter of the Niagara picture, who is represented by a small work, of which we shall speak in our next article. We will also mention the names of Colman, Cropsey, Darley, Durand, Elliott, Greene, Hall, Huntington, Kensett and Thompson, in addition to whom there is a very considerable number of other artists of distinction.

Among the best efforts, although they are likely to escape the attention of the observer at a cursory glance, on account of their size, are five illustrations of scenes in Cooper's novels, by Darley. This artist occupies the same position in the art world that is accorded to Irving and Cooper in the world of literature. He is the great illustrator of every-day life and scenes, and the chief merit of his works is their truthfulness and fidelity to Nature.

In almost immediate proximity with these is the head of a Zouave, which is an admirable thing in its way, but we think the subject occupies too much space, and is not worthy of so large a picture. This is numbered 81 in the collection.

No. 45, a Child's Head, by S. W. Rowse, is one of the finest crayon drawings on exhibition; the tone and finish are admirable, and leave nothing to be desired. The childlike expression is perfect, and you feel, in looking at it, that the artist has done full justice to his subject. Near this is "The Nun," which which is marked 34, while on the opposite wall is "The Roman Girl," another contribution by the same artist (Mr. E. Johnson,) both of which deserve to be ranked among the best crayon drawings we have seen at this or any former exhibition. They are remarkable for their correctness, and the texture of the drapery is as like the reality as it is almost possible to make it. The expression of both faces is one of the chief attractions of the drawings, and that of the Roman girl is peculiarly sweet. But decidedly the most successful effort in this particular kind of drawing is that marked No. 151—"Pestal"—which is really a master-piece. The pose of the figure is life-like, while the management of light and shade is very effective and striking. You feel at once an interest in the story which the artist desires to illustrate, and the sad and pensive features of him who is the subject of it serve but to increase and heighten it. The broken portions of the wall, the clothing of the figure—in a word, all the details are perfectly worked out.

"The Sunset," (75) by Bristol, is somewhat after the manner of Church. The crimson glow of the sky is remarkable for its fine coloring, and the whole is well and carefully finished. Healy's portrait of ex-President Tyler (185) possesses several features which would raise it above mediocrity, were it not entitled to rank, as it does, among the most successful portraits in the exhibition. The coloring and pose of the figure, which is in a sitting posture, are both very natural, and the hands, a part of the body which some artists find a difficult subject to manage, are remarkably like the real thing. The whole portrait is well painted, and exceedingly harmonious in coloring. The illustration of a "Thunder Storm passing over the Chemnity Valley," is an attractive picture. The water is particularly well done, and the huge rock which is thrown out in solitary grandeur against the sky, forms a striking feature in the painting, and is in strong contrast to the gloom which broods over the rest of the scene.

Mr. George Hall has a painting of Autumn fruits which he calls September, and which is numbered 217 in the catalogue. The fruits consist of a watermelon, grapes, pears, peaches, and other varieties, all of which look so like the real things themselves that they give a strong anticipatory feeling of the season which brings them to our tables. The watermelon, especially, has a juciness about it like that of the natural fruit itself.

The Fruit market, painted by Van Schendall and numbered 226, is a beautifully finished painting. It represents a market by night, and the effective manner in which the lights are introduced is one of the attractive features of the scene. The picture is elaborately painted and the coloring is very truthful. The heavy atmosphere of the night is brought out with capital effect, and gives a naturalness to the whole that is particularly difficult to attain and therefore the more to be prized. The figures in the foreground are very truthful and life-like.

Mr. Geo. C. Lambdin has contributed the "White Camelia," which is one of his happiest and most successful efforts. The coloring is rich and the reflection in the glass resembles reality in a striking degree.

No. 234 is, we understand, a sort of partnership concern and possesses considerable merit, but as a whole, is defective. The animals and human figures are well painted, but one of the latter appears to be somewhat off his centre of gravity. The landscape does not come up to mediocrity, and is rather carelessly done, particularly the range of mountains in the back ground. We understand the figures were painted by John Philip, the celebrated English painter of Spanish subjects, and if we are correct there certainly seems to be a want of fairness in giving the credit of the whole work to one artist.

The portrait of a lady, by Baker, marked No. 258, is admirable in drawing, expression and coloring.

There are a large number of Cabinet gems in the third room, by Lambdin, Gray, Hotchkiss, Wittkamp, Hennessy and others. Nos. 497 and 480, by Hennessy are carefully and earnestly painted, and harmonious in coloring. They are much and justly admired—the first is particularly well done. It is intended, however, merely as a preliminary sketch for a larger picture. The second, to which the artist has given the title of "Dolly Neglected," is very natural and expressive. The reflection of the book on the child's face is truthfully introduced.

The paintiug intended to illustrate Repose, (470,) is an expressive picture. There is a dreaminess about the face which is peculiarly appropriate to the idea, and the mellow glow that is diffused over the features serves to heighten the charm and effect. It is an exquisite face and an exquisite painting.

"The April Shower" (458) was a small study for the larger work which has been already painted by Mr. Hall, and which has done much to increase the reputation of this artist. The subject has been engraved and considered among the best that have been transferred to paper.

We have said that there are a large number of portraits in the exhibition, and we must add that Mr. Baker's portrait of a child is one of the most perfect in expression, in coloring, and in all the details of execution that we have seen among the collection. It is indeed a perfect gem, and the bright clear eyes of the child look out at you from the canvass as if they were really instinct with life. The whole face is exceedingly child-like, and the coloring is entirely free from that wax-like appearance which destroys the naturalness of some of the otherwise excellent portraits in the exhibition. There is a healthy, ruddy glow in the color of the flesh that looks like reality, and although the painting is elaborately finished, there is nothing to mar the naturalness of the whole.

"A Frosty Morning" (437) gives one al most a freezing sensation. It is well done, and impresses you at once with the coldness and dreariness of winter in the country.

"The Newsboy" (429) is another winter scene, but the ruddy cheeks of the little fellow impart a warmth to the picture which produces a pleasing effect by contrast with the snow-covered ground and the otherwise wintry character of the piece. There is one thing in it, however, which we decidedly object to, and that is the unfavorable position, in a business point of view, which the artist has given to the boy. If he had the choice of a place himself, we think he would have selected a much better one; and if he did not, we would not care to enlist him in that capacity in the service of The RECORD.

"The Blackberry Bush" (410), which is a study from nature, is one of the most elaborate and perfect works of its kind we have ever seen. There is certainly nothing like it for minuteness of detail and striking accuracy in the whole collection. A person may look at it for an hour and still find something new

We shall close our notice for this week with the painting marked 401, entitled "The Witching Time of Night," which is weird-like and fully up to its title. The pictorial illustration of the poetry of this subject has been often attempted before, but we doubt if it has ever been brought out with such success. There is a ghost-like aspect imparted to the whole scene that might well arouse the fears of a superstitious mind if left alone in a room with the painting.

The subject from Tennyson's "Desolated House" is a painting of a high order of talent, but as we have already exceeded our limits we must defer our notice of it till another time.

STEAM TO IRELAND.—We hail with pleasure every new enterprize which is calculated to assist in developing not only the material resources of Ireland, but in binding her closer in the bonds of friendship and commerce with the United States. It is therefore peculiarly gratifying to us to be able to state that the steamers of the Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company will hereafter stop at Cork on their way to and from Liverpool. The vessels of this line are already well known to the public, and it is only necessary to call attention to the additional facility which they thus present to that portion of the travelling public, who either desire to go direct to Ireland or to pass through it on their way to Europe.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTES OF DOGS.—The anecdotes given of dogs saving the lives of persons in danger of drowning are so numerous as to be familiar to every person. One cannot reflect on the innumerable instances of the love and usefulness of this animal, without being grateful to Providence for having given to man a creature capable of many of those noble and disinterested feelings, which we are accustomed to appreciate so highly in our fellow-creatures, and almost to look upon as constituting the perfection of human character. I beg leave to introduce to my readers an anecdote of a dog belonging to a friend of mine, but shall first, however, mention a story somewhat similar, related by an author of the greatest respectability, regarding a dog belonging to a religious house in France. "At a convent in France, twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a certain hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this regale, to receive the odds and ends which were now and then thrown to him. The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and of course not wasteful; so that their pensioner did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were served by a person at the ringing of a bell, and delivered out by means of what, in religious houses is called a *tour*, which is a machine like the section of a cask, that, by turning round upon a pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it. One day, this dog, who had only received a few scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took the rope in his mouth and rang the bell. His stratagem succeeded. He repeated it the next day with the same good fortune. At length the cook, finding that twenty-one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the trick, in doing which he had no great difficulty; for, lying *perdu*, and noticing the paupers as they came for their different portions, and that there was no intruder except the dog, he began to suspect the truth, which he was confirmed in when he saw the animal wait with great deliberation till the visiters were all gone, and then pull the bell. The matter was related to the community; and, to reward him for his ingenuity, he was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner, on which a mess of broken victuals was always afterwards served out to him.

The following is the anecdote I refer to: A friend of mine, Captain W. Aug. Thompson, R. R., residing near Edinburgh, has a dog, both the parents of which were natives of Newfoundland. At the time I refer to (1836) he was, I believe, only two years old, but exhibiting all the indications of great muscular power and singular sagacity. He was considerably larger at that time than many full-grown animals of the same breed, and I have always imagined his eye possessed a very peculiar degree of intelligence. One day my friend walked down to the sea-beach to observe the military, whose barracks are in his neighborhood, performing their evolutions, and took the dog with him. All went on very well till the cavalry commenced firing, but such a sound was too much for the astonished Bounce, as the dog is called. Being quite a puppy, like many other puppies, he was not very willing to stand fire, and he therefore considered the best thing he could do was to sound a retreat. Accordingly, without casting a single glance towards his master, he *bounced* away homewards at full gallop, with his tail depressed, and in evident terror. His master's residence is about a mile from the beach, and it appeared the dog ran the whole way at full speed. But as the house is in a garden, and surrounded by a lofty wall, having a gate which is always shut, and which communicates with the house only by a bell, it became a problem to our canine reasoner, how to get within the the walls so as to be in safety. The gate he could not open, the wall was to high too leap; how then could he enter? He perceived at once his predicament, and no doubt thought of the bell he had so often seen his master pull, and the sounds of which were so often followed by the opening of the gate. Crossing the road, he ran up to a laboring man who was passing, and with all the gentleness he could assume, seized him by the wrist and held him, at the same time wagging his tail, and endeavoring to direct the man's attention to his situation. The man was at first, naturally enongh, much terrified; but the perfectly gentle appearance of the animal prevented his fears from increasing. He therefore accompanied the dog across the road, and was led close up to the bell, which he at once perceived the animal wanted him to pull; this having done, he was no longer detained a prisoner, and the gate being opened, he related, in astonishment to the servant, the singular conduct of the dog. This little story is entitled to the highest credit, not only on account of the source I derived it from, but because I myself have seen the dog, when desirous of leaving the room, take his master by the wrist and lead him to the door in order to open it. All this, I have been assured, is solely the result of the dog's instinct, or rather, indeed, reason, as he never received any instruction. I trust that although this anecdote has little direct reference to humanity to animals, I may be excused taking this opportunity of mentioning it.

"JUSTICE" IN MOROCCO.—As public attention is now in some degree attracted to Morocco, the following will not be without interest: "The Sultan is both judge and supreme legislator of his empire, and his code is the Koran. He, however, does not personally administer justice, though on certain days of the year he receives the complaints of his subjects, and at once pronounces on them. In the provinces the governors exercise judicial power, but cannot execute any capital sentence without his express sanction. They hold their Court outside their houses, and their mode of proceeding is extraordinarily prompt. Rich offenders generally get off with fines, the poor are beaten with a cowhide, thieves have the hand cut off. Capital punishments are much more rare than is generally supposed, as in the space of ten years at Tangiers, only three took place. The modes of punishment are various. Sometimes the criminal is thrown into the air in such a manner that in falling he breaks an arm, a leg, or his head, according to the sentence; and such dexterity is employed that the executioners scarcely ever fail in what they are ordered to do. Sometimes the offender is buried in the earth up to his chin, and subjected to gross indignities; at others, he is fastened up in a dead ox; at others, tied to the tail of a mule, and at others, has his mouth, nose, and ear, filled with gunpowder, which is set on fire. Mutilation, impaling, and suspending on hooks are also employed. Wealthy persons are occasionally subjected to horrible torture to make them reveal where their riches are. On one occasion at Tangiers a man was put into a den, in which a hungry lion was chained in such a way that he could not reach the man so long as the latter remained crouching immovable in a corner; and when at last the man moved he tore him to pieces.

HEDGEHOGS.—M. Lenz and Professor Buckland declare that the most violent animal poisons have no effect on the hedgehog, which kills and eats adders and vipers. M. Lenz says that he had in his house a female hedgehog, kept in a large box, and which soon became very mild and familiar. He often put into the box small adders, which it attacked with avidity, seizing them indifferently by the head, the body, or the tail, and did not appear alarmed or embarrassed when they coiled themselves around its body. On one occasion M. Lenz witnessed a fight between a hedgehog and a viper. When the hedgehog came near and smelled the snake—for with these animals the sense of sight is very obtuse—she seized it by the head, and held it fast between her teeth, but without appearing to do it much harm; for having disengaged its head, it assumed a furious and menacing attitude, and hissing vehemently, inflicted several severe bites on the hedgehog. The little animal, however, did not recoil from the bites of the viper, or indeed seem to care much about them. At last, when the reptile was fatigued by its efforts, she again seized it by the head, which she ground between her teeth, compressing the fangs and glands of poison, and then devoured every part of the body. M. Lenz says that battles of this sort often occur in the presence of many persons; and sometimes the hedgehog has received eight or ten wounds on the ears, the snout, and even on the tongue, without appearing to experience any of the ordinary symptoms produced by the venom of the viper. Neither herself nor the young which she was then suckling seemed to suffer from it. This observation agrees with that of Fallas, who assures us that the hedgehog can eat about a hundred cantharides, without experiencing any of the effects which this insect, taken inwardly, produces on men, dogs and cats. A German physician who made the hedgehog a particular object of study, gave it a strong dose of prussic acid, of arsenic, of opium, and of corrosive publimate, none of which did it any harm. The hedgehog in its natural state only feeds on pears, apples, and other fruits. When it can get nothing it likes better, its ordinary food consists of worms, slugs, frogs, adders, and sometimes rats and mice.

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WELSH NEWSPAPER OFFICE,
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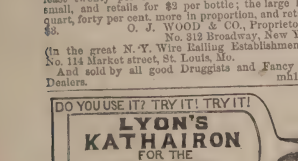

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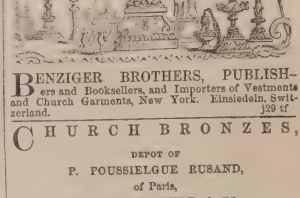

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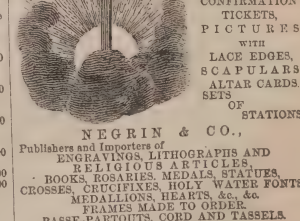

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In order to avoid the necessity of recurring to other books, it includes the Office of Holy Week, the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, of the Immaculate Conception, and of the Dead.

In a word, the Editor has conscientiously endeavored to draw from the holy service books of the Church, as published by the authority of the Councils of Baltimore, from the works of her canonized Saints and approved writers, all the doctrine, prayers and instructions as may meet the wants of the faithful, and render this Manual the best and most complete Catholic Prayer-Book for devotional and family use yet published.

In a material point of view, St. John's Manual has been got up in the best style; printed on paper of surpassing fineness, from new type expressly selected, and adorned with Vignettes designed for and appropriate to the work. The steel engravings, by Muller of Dusseldorf, are of an entirely new character, illustrating the Sacraments and Rites of the Church. The work itself, of which the contents are given, is intended not only to furnish a manual of the most approved prayers and devotions for health and sickness, but also to give the offices and ceremonies of the Church, with such explanations as will enable the faithful to follow them.

TOBACCO.

JULIAN ALLEN'S CELEBRATED Granulated Smoking TOBACCO is, without exception, the finest article in this or any other country. Also, Pulaski and Bird's-eye CHIPS. Copyright of the above secured in the United States, 28 years. For sale by all first class Tobacconists, Druggists and Grocers. Retail 10 cents per paper, about fifty pipes in it, and every pipe as good as a Havana cigar.

Depot, 130 Water street, New York. ja29 1y

THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY,

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

CHARLES M. CONNOLLY & CO.,

No. 45 Water street, New York,

Commission Merchants and Agents for the sale of Manufactured and Leaf Tobacco, solely on Commission.

j29 3m

MISCELLANEOUS.

CENTRAL PARK UNPAID ASSESSMENTS.—NOTICE TO OWNERS OF PROPERTY.—The owners of property assessed for Central Park are hereby notified that the said assessments are expected to be paid on or before May 5, 1859, with 7 per cent interest from Feb. 5, 1856, the date of confirmation by the Supreme Court, and unless said assessments are paid by May 5 next, the assessment list will be sent to the Clerk of the County of New York, who will be charged at the rate of twelve per cent per annum from the date of confirmation. The property assessed is embraced in the following limits, viz: All those pieces of land situated in the said city, bounded as described as follows, that is to say: on the north by the centre line of blocks between 116th and 117th streets, on the south by the centre line of the blocks between Forty-first and Forty-second Clerk of the said city, on the east by the centre line of the blocks between Second and Third avenues, on the west by the centre line of the blocks between Tenth and Eleventh avenues; and also all those certain other lots, pieces and parcels of land fronting on either side of Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues, between 116th and 120th streets; and all those certain other lots, pieces or parcels of land fronting on either side of Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues and Broadway, between Thirty-third and Forty-second streets, as laid out on the map of the commissioners, on file in this office.

DANIEL E. DELAVAN, Collector of Assess'ts.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, No. 5 City Hall, basement.

mh19tmy5

HATS.

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES OF HATS AND CAPS

FOR

GENTS AND CHILDREN,

in all their variety, unsurpassed by any.

An elegant assortment of

STRAW GOODS

for Misses and Children. Please examine.

KELLOGG,

a9 3mT Manufacturer, No. 381 Canal street.

THOUSANDS ARE RUSHING TO

DRAKE'S

for his

WATER-PROOF

and

VENTILATING HATS.

a2 3m No. 9 Bowery.

WINDOW SHADES.

291 WINDOW FURNITURE. **291**

NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS.

KELTY BROTHERS & LUM,

MANUFACTURERS OF WINDOW SHADES, and Importers of Buff, White and Green Hollands, Lace and Muslin Curtains, Brocatelles, Satin de Laines, Reps Cotton Worsted, and Satin Damask Cornices, Bands' Loops, Tassels, and all goods pertaining to the

UPHOLSTERY BUSINESS.

All of which will be offered at low prices.

291 BROADWAY, **291**

a23 3m NEW YORK.

LOOKING-GLASSES, ETC.

THE NEW YORK

LOOKING-GLASS AND ORNAMENTAL

FRAME FACTORY,

No. 434 Broome street, New York,

A few doors east of Broadway.

LARGE GLASS AND PICTURE FRAMES,

GILT TABLES,

WINDOW CORNICES,

And other articles in

GOLD OR FANCY WOODS.

Importers of

LOOKING-GLASS PLATES,

AND

GENERAL INTERIOR HOUSE AND STEAMBOAT DECORATORS.

Letters addressed to

HENRY KEEPS,

OF THE

LATE FIRM OF WALLER & KEEPS,

will receive prompt attention. 26f 3m

REMOVAL.—PHŒNIX LOOKING-Glass and Picture Frame Manufacturer, removed from Nos. 388, 390, and 392 Greenwich street, corner of Beach, to No. 321 East Twenty-third street, near First avenue. Office No, 215 Centre street, New York.

feb5 1y HORACE V. SIGLER, Agent.

SHIPPING.

NOTICE.—IN FUTURE THE steamers of this line will call at Cork, Ireland, to land and receive letters and passengers.

STEAM TO LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT CORK, and via Liverpool

TO LONDON AND GLASGOW,

And all the principal towns in Great Britain and Ireland, at very reduced rates.

The Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company's splendid Clyde-built iron screw steamships are intended to sail as follows:

FROM NEW YORK.

CITY OF BALTIMORE	23d April
CITY OF WASHINGTON	7th May
KANGAROO	21st May

At 12 o'clock, noon, from 44 North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Cabin from New York and Philadelphia	$75
Third class from New York to any of the above places	30
Return tickes, available for six months	60

Passengers forwarded to Havre, Paris, Hamburg, Bremen, Antwerp, and all parts of the Continent, without delay.

NOTICE.—These steamers are provided with every requisite to insure the immediate extinction of fire and the strictest discipline is enforced with regard to the use of lights.

Passengers to Ireland by this line avoid the risk and great detention of calling at St. Johns, as the steamers proceed to Cork.

For freight or passage apply at the office of the company.

JOHN G. DALE, No. 15 Broadway,

" New York, Agent.

In Liverpool, to WM. INMAN, Tower Buildings.

a22 6m

STEAM TO IRELAND DIRECT FOR $30.

The Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia Steamship Company's splendid and powerful Steamship

CITY OF MANCHESTER, 2,109 tons, Captain James Kennedy, will sail from

Belfast to New York, on Wednesday, 6th April, Calling at Cork to embark passengers.

She will leave Cork for New York direct Friday, April 8.

The CITY OF MANCHESTER will sail from New York to Cork and LIVERPOOL

Saturday, 30th April, at noon, from Pier 44, North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

Cabin, from New York to Cork and Liverpool	$60.
Steerage " " "	$30.

including an unlimited alloyance of the best Cooked Provisions, which will be served by the Company's Stewards. Passengers by this line avoid the risk and great detention of calling at Halifax and St. Johns, as the CITY OF MANCHESTER sails direct to Cork.

For freight or passage apply to JOHN McKEE, 103 Victoria street, Belfast; in Cork to C. W. D. SEYMOUR & CO., and in Philadelphia and New York at the Company's offices, 109 Walnut street Philadelphia, and 15 Broadway, New York.

JOHN G. DALE, Agent.

WILLIAM INMAN, Agent, 62 and 63 Tower Buildings, Liverpool.

Further sailings will appear in future advertisements.

a23 1t

STEAM TO IRELAND DIRECT FOR $30.—The well-known and favorite steamship CITY OF MANCHESTER, sails SATURDAY, the 30th April, direct to Cork. Passage in cabin $60; third class, including a liberal allowance of cooked provisions, $30.

For passage, apply to R. J. CORTIS & CO.,

a16 3t No. 177 Broadway and 40 Fulton street.

POLITICAL.

MANIFESTO OF TAMMANY HALL AGAINST THE BLACK REPUBLICANS.—At the last meeting of the Tammany Hall General Committee the following strong and pointed resolutions were unanimously adopted. It will be seen that they protest in appropriate and indignant terms against the despotic use of legislative power in regard to the municipal rights of the citizens of New York. "The wholesale usurpation of civic patronage, power and prerogative," which is to be effected through the instrumentality of the Black Republican Legislature is denounced in severe language. They will, we have no doubt, be read with interest by all who have the good of the city at heart:

Whereas, The City of New York, from its earliest foundation down to within a very recent period, and under all former governments, colonial and otherwise, has been guaranteed in the secure enjoyment of its municipal rights and liberties by charters based upon civic suffrage and held sacred under all successive forms of government; and

Whereas, We see in the present day a high-handed and persistent attempt on the part of an authority not representing either the wishes or interests of this city to undermine our civic rights, curtail or abolish our municipal privileges, and finally deprive us of all practical voice in the control and direction of our own immediate affairs; and

Whereas, This project of local wrong is avowedly and notoriously part and parcel of a conspiracy for the seizure of our National Government by those implacable enemies of the Constitution known and denounced as "Federalists" in the days of Thomas Jefferson, but now maintaining the same tyrannical and centralizing creed under the party designation of "Republicans;" and

Whereas, These avowed enemies to the experiment of self-government are now boldly meditating a wholesale usurpation of civic patronage, power and prerogative, by intrusting the control of all city affairs to the direction of corporate Commissioners, and irresponsible Boards in which no individual can be held to account for malfeasance or maladministration of high trust; and

Whereas, Already the Police Department of our City Executive has been unjustly and tyrannically wrested from the people of this city and intrusted to a "Republican" Commission, with the disreputable and disgraceful result which is now on record in the report of a Committee appointed to examine and take evidence as to the legal, moral and political infamies alleged and proved against this irresponsible and partisan body claiming to have the guardianship and control of our lives and properties; and

Whereas, These enemies of representative self-government have already introduced among us, and are now seeking to extend a practice, under which the voice of a majority, no matter how overwhelming, shall have no more weight than the voice of a minority, however small or insignificant; a practice under which popular suffrage becomes a farce, and under which nominations to all intents and purposes equivalent to election, the majority and minority having an equal number of votes in the controlling body; and

Whereas, It is further had in contemplation by these traitors to the theory of Democratic Government, to usurp the local patronage and taxing power of this city, and to extend the terms both of officers appointed by the local Civic Government and officers elected by the people of the city for definite terms of service, an example which, if tolerated, will license these usurpers to perpetuate through all future time the Government of this city in the hands of such bodies as they may find most subservient to their rapacious and unprincipled designs; and

Whereas, The City of New York already bleeds gold at every pore to satisfy the illegal and unconstitutional levies made by men who have sympathies only for "bleeding Kansas," but none for bleeding New York; and

Whereas, The solemn voice of the highest tribunal in the State has now condemned the action of the "Republican" partisan electioneering force, under the name of a Police Commission, and has decided that the City of New York has never legally lost the men who had been selected to be their guardians of life, law and property within the city limits, a decision, the justice of which we hail as the first assured promise of a bright and glorious dawn after the long darkness of oppression under which we have been suffering; therefore be it

Resolved, That we protest against all special legislation designed to punish the City of New York for its adherence to the constitutional principles of action of the United State, carried on, as such legislation notoriously has been, by a "Republican" majority of the State Legislature, endowed with temporary power, which has been obtained from the people of this State under the false pretences and false cries of retrenchment, reform, a prohibitory liquor law, and the exploded fallacies embraced in the creed of the men who would disfranchise our adopted fellow-citizens; and

Resolved, That we congratulate the Municipal Police force of this city on the judicial decision which has restored them to their rights, and declared that those rights were never legally forfeited.

Resolved, That this Committee shall cause not less than 100,000 copies of Senator Frank Spinola's report on the working of the said Police Commission to be printed and distributed throughout the City and the State, as the best comment on the infamies to which partisan legislation can give birth.

Resolved, That we denounce the attempt to abolish one of the most important Departments of the City Government—a Department on which, more than on any other, the health and comfort of our citizens may be said to depend—merely because there is a prospect that said office would otherwise be filled by a Democrat, who would discharge his duties faithfully, honestly and with vigor.

Resolved, That we denounce the action of the "Republican" party in wresting from us all of our rights by the enactment of laws creating Boards of Governors, Boards of Supervisors, Central Park Commissioners and Commissioners of Records, where the power is, in whole or in part, wielded by men, many of them total strangers to the City, and some of them living out of the State.

Resolved, That if these outrages upon our municipal rights be continued and redress refused, the people of this much-suffering city will be compelled, though with reluctance, to fall back upon their natural rights and appeal to the sense of justice throughout the country to sustain them in resorting to the only means left for the vindication of their franchises, their liberty and property.

Resolved, That we congratulate the citizens of Brooklyn on their recent victory over the local representatives of this tyrannical and usurping party, and that we see in their success a bright omen of the reaction and sober second thought which is destined, before the expiration of the present year, to sweep from all places of control and trust the contemptible creatures who acts are a disgrace to the intelligence and integrity of the State which they misrepresent in Legislative Assembly.

Resolved, That the Committee of Organization be and are hereby clothed with power to make arrangements for a call of a great mass meeting of citizens, irrespective of party, to protest against these infringements on our municipal rights, and to denounce the corruptions which have crept into the administration of city and State affairs; and that this Committee be requested to unite and co-operate with any other Committee having the same object in view.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Chairman.

ALFRED CHANCELLOR, } Secretaries.
M. AMBROSE GILCHRIST, }

a23

TO LET.

TO LET—A VERY DESIRABLE OFfice for a physician at No. 133 Seventh avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets. Also, a few young gentlemen can be accommodated with board in a respectable Catholic family. a22 2t

CARPETINGS.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 BOWERY, NEW YORK,
Importer and Manufacturer of
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGETS, MATTINGS, &c.
At wholesale and retail—for cash.

The clergy, charitable and public institutions, churches and nunneries furnished at wholesale prices.

Experienced upholsterers always on hand, to execute with neatness and despatch, all orders for churches, altars, or private dwellings, either in town or country.

The name of DONNELLY—so well and favorably known to the Catholic community of the United States—is a sufficient guarantee that customers will be dealt with in a fair, honorable, and upright manner.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,
98 Bowery, New York.
j29 3m

CARPETING.

1859. 1859.

IMPORTATIONS OF NEW AND CHOICE PATTERNS FOR SPRING SALES.

SMITH & LOUNSBERY,
No. 456 Broadway,
Are now prepared to exhibit their
NEW SPRING STYLES OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CARPETING,
Comprising every description and grade, from the
RICHEST TO THE CHEAPEST FABRIC,
And embracing a great variety of new and elegant patterns and shadings.

Our orders and contracts having been completed previous to the recent important advance in prices, we are enabled to offer our stock at
PRICES MUCH LESS THAN MARKET RATES.
Among the stock will be found:
New Patterns MEDALLIONS, various sizes,
12s. to 14s. per yard.
New Patterns VELVET, best English makers,
10s. to 13s. per yard.
New Patterns TAPESTRY, best English makers,
7s. to 9s. per yard.
New Patterns BRUSSELS, best English makers,
9s. to 11s. per yard.
New Patterns THREE-PLY, foreign and domestic,
7s. to 9s. per yard.
New Patterns INGRAIN, foreign and domestic,
2s. to 7s. per yard.
English and American
FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
Any required width, from
4s. to 10s. per yard.
With a choice assortment of all other articles connected with the trade. Also,
WINDOW SHADES,
DRAPERY, LACE and
MUSLIN CURTAINS,
And TRIMMINGS of every kind to suit.

Our Upholstery Department is complete, and all orders will be
EXECUTED WITH DISPATCH,
And satisfaction guaranteed.

SMITH & LOUNSBERY,
mh19 8m No. 456 Broadway, (near Grand street.)

CARPETS AT OLD PRICES.

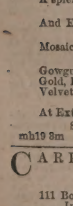
Same as before the recent heavy advances.
ENTIRELY NEW SPRING PATTERNS.

J. Crossley & Son's Tapestry, (newest styles..$1 00	
Best English Velvets, (choice patterns,).....	1 60
Lowell and Hartford Three-plys.....	1 00
Superfine Ingrains.....	70
Extra Ingrains.....	75
All-wool Ingrains, in great variety.....	45c.@60

ALSO A FULL ASSORTMENT OF
Oil Cloths, Hair Carpets, Druggets, Mats, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Rods, &c., &c.

LORD & TAYLOR,
mh19 3m Nos. 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand st.

ENGLISH CARPETING



IMPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CITY TRADE,
BY
HIRAM ANDERSON,
No. 99 BOWERY.
Splendid Medallion Velvets, Bordered.
Elegant Tapestry Velvets, Crossley's make.
Royal Wilton Velvets, new styles.
Crossley's five-frame Brussels Carpets.
A superior assortment of Church Carpets.
Imperial 3-ply Carpets, new styles.
Ingrain Carpets of every variety.
Chaste and elegant Carpets for Altars.
Library, Dining-Room and Hall Carpets.
Superb Velvet and Brussels Stair Carpets.
OIL CLOTHS.
A splendid stock from 6 to 24 feet wide.
DRUGGETS
And English Felts from 1 to 4 yards wide.
RUGS.
Mosaic, Wilton, Axminster, Chenille and Tufted.
MATTINGS.
Gowgus, Canton and Rope Mattings and Mats.
Gold, Painted and Landscape Window Shades.
Velvet and Paris Cloth, Table and Piano Covers.
&c., &c., &c.
At Extraordinary Low Prices!!!
SIGN OF GOLDEN EAGLE,
mh19 8m No. 99 Bowery.

CARPET AND OIL CLOTH WAREHOUSE.
JOHN W. HEALY,
111 Bowery, near Grand street, New York,
Importer, Jobber, and Retailer of
CARPETING, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, CANTON and COCOA MATTING, DRUGGETS, &c. &c.

The stock contained in this establishment embraces every item appertaining to the CARPET TRADE, from the most expensive foreign fabric to the lowest price domestic article, and all goods sold are warranted as represented.

The Clergy, Churches, Convents and Charitable Institutions will be furnished at Manufacturers' prices.

Orders executed with exactness and despatch, and goods Packed and Shipped free of charge.

JOHN W. HEALY,
j29 3m 111 Bowery, New York.

SELPHO'S PATENT ELASTIC LEG AND HAND

Combines new and valuable improvements to all who require them. Call or address
6ff 3m WM. SELPHO, No. 516 Broadway, N. Y.

CARPETING.

G. S. HUMPHREY & CO.,
No. 324 BROADWAY,
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel,
Offer to the public one of the
LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCKS OF
CARPETINGS
To be found in this country, a part of which is
The ENTIRE STOCK of a large Importing House declining business, which will be sold
TWENTY PER CENT LESS THAN COST OF IMPORTATION.
1,000 pieces
Brussels Carpeting.....$1 per yard.
Ingrain Carpeting (best quality).....75c. per yard.
CARPET RUGS.
a2 3m FOR CASH ONLY.

CLOTHING.

TWIN TEMPLES OF FASHIONS.
SMITH BROTHERS,
(the Marble Stores)
Nos. 122, 138 and 140 FULTON STREET,
Between Broadway and William street,
New York.
THOMAS SMITH, JR.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The price is marked on all the goods in plain figures.
ODE.
Those mansions of marble, oh say if thou knowest
O'er which the gay standard of Fashion's unfuried,
Where the welcome is warm and the prices are lowest,
And the clothes are the cheapest and best in the world?
If not—fly at once! To Smith Brothers betake you,
They best can assist you to bear out your plan,
For they either have got or will speedily make you,
The best suit of clothes ever seen upon man.

SPRING STYLES OF CLOTHING,
For promenade and dress; for the workshops, the counting-room and ball.

Including our new styles of
TIP TOPS FOR SPRING OVERCOATS,
THE OLIPHANT AND BLOOMER SACKS,
THE BISHOP FROCK,
SMITH'S OWN,
AND OUR WATER-PROOF DUSTER.

All of which are entirely new and made expressly for our city trade.

OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT,
Contains an immense stock of everything that is necessary to supply the demands of the rising generation. THE PRICE OF EVERY ARTICLE IS MARKED, And from that price (being the lowest possible) there can be
NO DEVIATION.
"Economy, durability and elegance. Good materials, good style and good workmanship. Small profits, quick returns, and cash for everything."
THESE ARE
The business maxims which SMITH BROTHERS practice.
BY THESE
They have acquired public favor and support;
AND BY PERSISTING IN THESE
They will maintain and extend that reputation.
mh19 3m

1859. 1859.

ROGERS & RAYMOND'S
SPRING FASHIONS
FOR
BOYS AND YOUTHS.
Large and Varied Stock.
One Price and No Deviation.

Our stock of Boys' Clothing for the present season is attracting
FAMILY CUSTOM
from all quarters, for the following reasons: First, it compises a greater
VARIETY OF NEW STYLES
than any other in the city. Second, the materials having been purchased before the late advance in Clothing Fabrics, it can be
AFFORDED CHEAPER
than any other stock of equal beauty and excellence now in the market. Third, every article is marked at its LOWEST CASH PRICE; thus placing all buyers, whether good judges of Clothing or not, on the same level. The
WELL-KNOWN REPUTATION
of the firm, its immense business, and the system of equity and fairness which have ever governed its dealings, are
SOLID GUARANTEES
of the sterling qualities of its Clothing, and of the reliability of the statements put forth in its advertisements.
THE CUSTOM DEPARTMENT
for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths, is amply stocked with Spring Goods, and the Clothing furnished to order will be found equal to any made to measure in the city, while the charges are extremely moderate.
ROGERS & RAYMOND,
a9 3m 121, 123, 125 Fulton street, corner of Nassau.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONABLE
READY MADE CLOTHING
AND
FURNISHING GOODS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
No. 413 Broadway, corner Lispenard street.

In our custom department we have lately made additions, and have now the best talent in the trade, together with a sensible stock of fine and medium grade piece goods at low rates. Gentlemen are invited to call.
j29 3m McKINLEY & McGRADE.

CLOTHING.
JAMES CAIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER,
No. 129 Fulton street, two doors West of The Herald Office, keeps constantly on hand a Select Stock of
READY MADE CLOTHING.
Every article warranted to be what it is represented.
Also a large Stock of the latest Styles of Goods in the piece, which will be made to order in the most
FASHIONABLE MANNER
by the best mechanics in the city. JAMES CAIN,
j29 3m No. 129 Fulton street, New York.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. R. ROBERTS,
DRY GOODS EMPORIUM
No. 252 BOWERY,
between Prince and Houston streets, New York.
Low prices and strict attention to customers.
SHAWLS, CLOAKS, MANTILLAS AND DRESS GOODS OF ALL KINDS. mh19 3m

POWER & DRADDY,
STEAM MARBLE WORKS.
Nos. 192, 194, 196, East 23d street,
12f 1y NEW YORK

NOVELLO'S SACRED MUSIC.—NOVELLO'S Catalogue contains the largest collection of Music for the Church in this country, consisting of Masses, (including
MOZART'S, HAYDN'S, HUMMEL'S, BEETHOVEN'S, CHERUBINI'S, WEBER'S, &c.,)
Motett's Hymns, Offertary pieces, and Gregorian Music; also, Organ Music, selected from the great German and Italian composers. Catalogues gratis, or forwarded (post free) to any address, on receipt of the postage, six cents.
WEBB & ALLEN,
a2 3m No. 1 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

CLOTHING.

A CARD.

A. & G. A. ARNOUX INVITE the attention of GENTLEMEN to their stock of Fine and Superfine goods, suited to the Summer and Spring wear, as one composing all the novelties of the season.

Our goods are mostly of our own importation, and in point of style and quality cannot be surpassed, if equalled, by any other in the city.

In addition to our goods for Coats, pants and Vests we have all varieties of Ties, Shirts, Suspenders, Socks, Under Garments, and every article for a Gentleman's wardrobe, which we sell at as low prices as the quality of the goods will allow.

521 Broadway,
a9 3mO'F Under St. Nicholas Hotel.

INSTRUCTION.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, NEW YORK.—This institution, situated at Fordham, eleven miles from the city, on the Harlem Railroad, is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The terms are—Board, Tuition, use of bedding, per annum, payable half yearly in advance, $200; Washing and Mending of Linen, $15; Physician's Fees, $5. The extra charges are for the Summer vacation spent at College; for Music, Drawing, German, Spanish, and use of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus, Books, Stationery, Clothing, etc., when furnished by the Treasurer.

There are two Preparatory Classes, from which Students pass to the Classical or to the Commercial Course.

The Collegiate Year begins on the FIRST WEDNESDAY of September, and ends about the 15th of July.
19f 5m E. J. TELLIER, S. J., President.

ACADEMY FOR YOUNG LADIES—Under the care of the SISTERS of the VISITATION, corner of Johnson and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. Terms per quarter (payable in advance), from $10 to $15, according to the advantages of the pupils.

The Foreign Languages, Vocal and instrumental Music, Drawing and Painting, will form extra charges. For further information, application should be made at the Academy. j29 1y

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WILMINGTON, DEL.

The annual session commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

The pension for Board and Tuition, in the classical course is.....	$150 00
The pension for Board and Tuition in the English and Commercial course is.....	135 00
French, Spanish, German and Drawing, each.....	20 00
Music.....	40 00

August 11, 1858. REV. P. REILLY, President.
j29 1y

WINES AND LIQUORS.

P. M. FALLON,
IMPORTER
AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC LIQUORS
AND SEGARS,
No. 155 CEDAR STREET,
Near West street,
26f New York.

C. FARLEY,
592 EIGHTH AVENUE, corner of 42d street,
IMPORTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in foreign and domestic liquors, BRANDIES, WINES and SEGARS, of the best brand. Lansingburg Ale always on draught. a2 tf

JOHN McLOUGHLIN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
TEAS, COFFEES, WINES AND GROCERIES.
GENUINE IRISH WHISKEY.
PURE WINES
FOR ALTAR PURPOSES
ALWAYS ON HAND.
12f tf No. 44 Fulton street, New York.

G. H. MUMM & CO., REIMS, Give notice that all their Wines, for the future, will be packed in cases, and marked as under;

VERZENAY.....	VERZENAY, G. H. MUMM & CO.
DRY VERZENAY.....	VERZENAY, D. G. H. MUMM & CO.
CABINET.....	CABINET CHAMPAGNE G. H. MUMM & CO.
IMPERIAL.....	IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE. G. H. MUMM & CO.
ROYAL ROSE.....	ROYAL ROSE G. H. MUMM & CO.
CORDON ROUGE.....	CORDON ROUGE G. H. MUMM & CO.

They find themselves called upon to make this change to protect their customers from other wines bearing similar names. All corks will bear the trade mark, the EAGLE, instead of the former mark, the ANCHOR, which has been imitated by other houses.

The labels will bear, as heretofore, the name of G. H. MUMM & CO. DE SARY & SCHIEPENHAUSEN,
No. 52 Broad street, New York.
j29 8m Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.

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All orders punctually attended to, day or night. 15 3m

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Near Thirty-third street, New York.
Funerals furnished at the shortest notice. a5 3m

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Provisions of the best quality are provided for the passengers, and served out at the rate per week of 14 lbs. beef, 1 lb. pork, 9½ lbs. bread, 1 lb. flour, 1½ lbs. rice, 1½ lbs. peas or beans, 1½ lbs. oatmeal, 2 lbs. potatoes, 1 lb. sugar, and 2 oz. tea, for each adult passenger.

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FOR SOUTHAMPTON AND HAVRE.—The United States Mail steamer FULTON, J. A. Worth, commander, will leave for Havre touching at Southampton to land the mails and passengers, on SATURDAY, April 30, at 12 o'clock, from Pier No. 37 North River, foot of Beach street. This ship has five water-tight compartments, enclosing the engines, so that in the event of collision or stranding, the water could not reach them, and the pumps being free to work, the safety of the vessel and passengers would be secured. Baggage not received during the day of sailing should be sent on board the day before sailing, marked "Below."

For Freight or Passage apply to
W. T. WRIGHT, Agent, No. 7 Broadway.
N. B.—The steamer ARAGO will succeed the FULTON, and sail May 28. a9 tm28T

ATLANTIC ROYAL MAIL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY'S NEW YORK AND GALWAY LINE.—The next departure from New York will be the steamship PRINCE ALBERT, Captain NICHOLSON, on THURSDAY, the 28th of APRIL, touching at St. Johns, N. F., to receive the royal mails. Prices of passage: First class, $90; Second, $50; Third, $30, including free tickets to all the principal cities on railway routes in Great Britain. Third class must provide plate, knife, fork, &c., and bedding. Passage to St. Johns: First class, $35; Second, $25. For freight or passage, inquire of the American Express Company, No. 61 Hudson street, and at their other advertised offices in the interior. Passage in the third class can be secured at any of the above offices to bring persons out from any of the principal cities on the lines of railways in Great Britain for $25, or from Galway for $20.
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
a22 ALEX. HOLLAND, Manager.

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It is conducted with the strictest economy; neither the Officers nor Trustees receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the depositors, and will be divided among them, having due regard to the safety of their funds.

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